

HIT PARADE

FIRST REPORT
FROM ZEP TOUR

CHARLTON
PUBLICATION

75¢ JUNE 1975 CDC 00045

EXCLUSIVE:
ON TOUR
WITH LED ZEPPELIN
CAN THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST BAND DO IT AGAIN?

PETER TOWNSHEND:
IS HE REALLY THAT SERIOUS?

DAVID ESSEX:
SUPERSTARDUST
POP KID WANTS TO ROCK

JIM DANDY'S
SEX SECRETS
WOULD WE LOVE HIM
WITH HIS SHIRT ON?

WAYNE COUNTY GETS KINKY

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND:
LANCE LOUD RECALLS
THE EXPLODING PLASTIC INEVITABLE

WORDS TO THE LATEST HIT SONGS!

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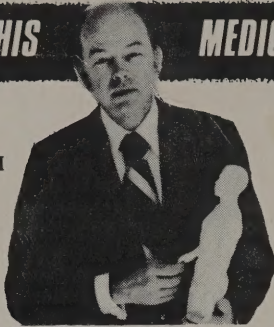
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PRESSURE ACUPUNCTURE

THIS

MEDICAL DOCTOR Shows How Pain Relief Is At YOUR Fingertips

DR. KEITH
KENYON



A MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH

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Dr. Keith Kenyon, a pioneer physician using only finger pressure, daily performs miracle-like pain-relieving treatments in his private practice. In **PRESSURE POINTS**, an amazing book, this famous medical doctor gives you the benefit of his years of success. He teaches you where and how to press yourself so that symptoms can disappear even after many pain-filled years.

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Learn:

- The exact location of more than 60 major pain-easing spots on your body.
- How to relieve aches and pains often as soon as they occur.
- How to help even the most persistent migraine headaches.
- How the hidden "Tsun" banishes pain.
- How to find the hidden "valves" that turn off pain.

EVERY HOUR WITHOUT THIS BOOK CAN MEAN SIXTY MINUTES OF UNNECESSARY PHYSICAL AND MENTAL PAIN!

See, described:

- How to bring on sleep at the touch of a finger. (Chapter 14)
- How to help banish depression and anxiety. (Chapter 15)
- How to help solve sinus problems. (Chapt. 17)
- How to increase your physical vigor while watching T. V. (Chapter 2)
- How acupressure helps sexual impotence. (Chapter 10)

Author - KEITH KENYON, M. D., A. B.

Graduate Univ. So. Cal., B. A.
Graduate Univ. Cal. Berkeley, Physiology
Graduate Univ. So. Cal. School of Medicine
United States Public Health Service
Designed Propulsion Unit for Artificial Heart
Presently Designing Automated Heart, Lung Machine
Physician in Industrial Medicine
Graduate of Acupuncture Research Inst.
Engaged in Acupuncture Research
Appeared on Radio and TV Shows

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We have all hoped for some "miraculous" method that would get rid of pain quickly. Even the strongest, addictive drugs take time to work and must be injected in ever-larger doses.

PRESSURE POINTS by Dr. Keith Kenyon not only describes seeming miracles but shows you in close-up photographs and illustrations with vivid descriptions how to make them a part of your everyday life.

Toothache:

Dentists don't make house calls, especially at 3 A.M. when your face is swollen and the pain is driving you crazy. Chapter 12 of **PRESSURE POINTS** tells you how, through simple external finger pressure and massage, you can increase your comfort and even sleep through until morning.

Chest Pain:

Nothing can take the place of your doctor's diagnosis and treatment but acupressure may enable you to help yourself or one dear to you through the first, suffocating chest pains of an attack. It may help someone through a serious emergency.

Tension Headaches:

Relieve that throbbing, piercing pain merely by pressing a certain spot on your head. Chapter 9 shows you where to apply acupressure as soon as the pain begins. No more waiting in nerve-jangling suspense hoping that medication will work.

You actually sense the relief as a pleasant, tingling sensation runs through the affected area, helping to drive away pain.

Sexual Impotence:

Sexual impotence can be a very disturbing emotional experience. Chapter 10 demonstrates how acupressure may relieve this frustrating condition.

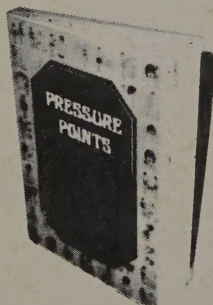
Asthma and Bronchitis:

As Dr. Kenyon knows only too well, ordinary medicine alone is often helpless when treating bronchitis and asthma. Only a sufferer can understand the terror of not being able to suck in enough air to breathe. Chapter 16 of **PRESSURE POINTS** shows the actual spots on your body that you can use to help relieve these torturing afflictions. You may find that you breathe normally again for the first time in many years.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SICK TO BENEFIT FROM ACUPRESSURE

Look, Feel and Act Younger:

Exercise leads to good health and acupressure can add vigorous, vital years to your life. Hobbies and sports that you have had to abandon because of injury or stiffened joints may be yours to enjoy again. Chapter 2 shows exactly where to apply the finger pressure that can enable you to play golf or tennis or go bowling or do any of the things you would like to do.



Nagging, Everyday Problems That Won't Go Away

A nervous or cigarette cough, diarrhea or constipation when you're up tight, nosebleeds, vomiting or night sweats might not be classed as major ailments but when they happen to you they become very important. By merely consulting **PRESSURE POINTS** then pressing or massaging the right spot on your body surface you can experience rapid relief.

Weight Problems:

Lose weight without going hungry, exercising or taking any kind of medication. The secret of getting rid of unsightly, unhealthy pounds is literally in your hands. Chapter 7 could change your whole outlook on life.

RELIEF AT LAST

The tips of your own fingers may hold the secret of your salvation from a life of Pain. Many medical doctors are beginning to use the methods described and illustrated in **PRESSURE POINTS**. Help free yourself from lingering discomfort by using the simple, pain-relieving acupressure procedure in private, as often as you wish.

DO IT YOURSELF - WITHOUT NEEDLES!

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"Last summer my right hand became very swollen and painful. After several months of treatment my condition hadn't improved. I was told to resign myself to the fact that I would always have this swelling and pain."

"I was losing work; I couldn't manipulate the dummies because of the pain."

"During all this time I had been working with Dr. Kenyon developing a power source for the artificial heart, which I invented. He had always advised me to try acupressure but I never really listened. But now, with hope fading, I decided to listen to Dr. Kenyon. He showed me how to treat myself in just a few minutes."

"After a few weeks of using acupressure on my hand and wrist the pain began to subside. I am not saying it cured the underlying condition, but at least I can work with the dummies again."



Paul Winchell

ACUPRESSURE INSTITUTE

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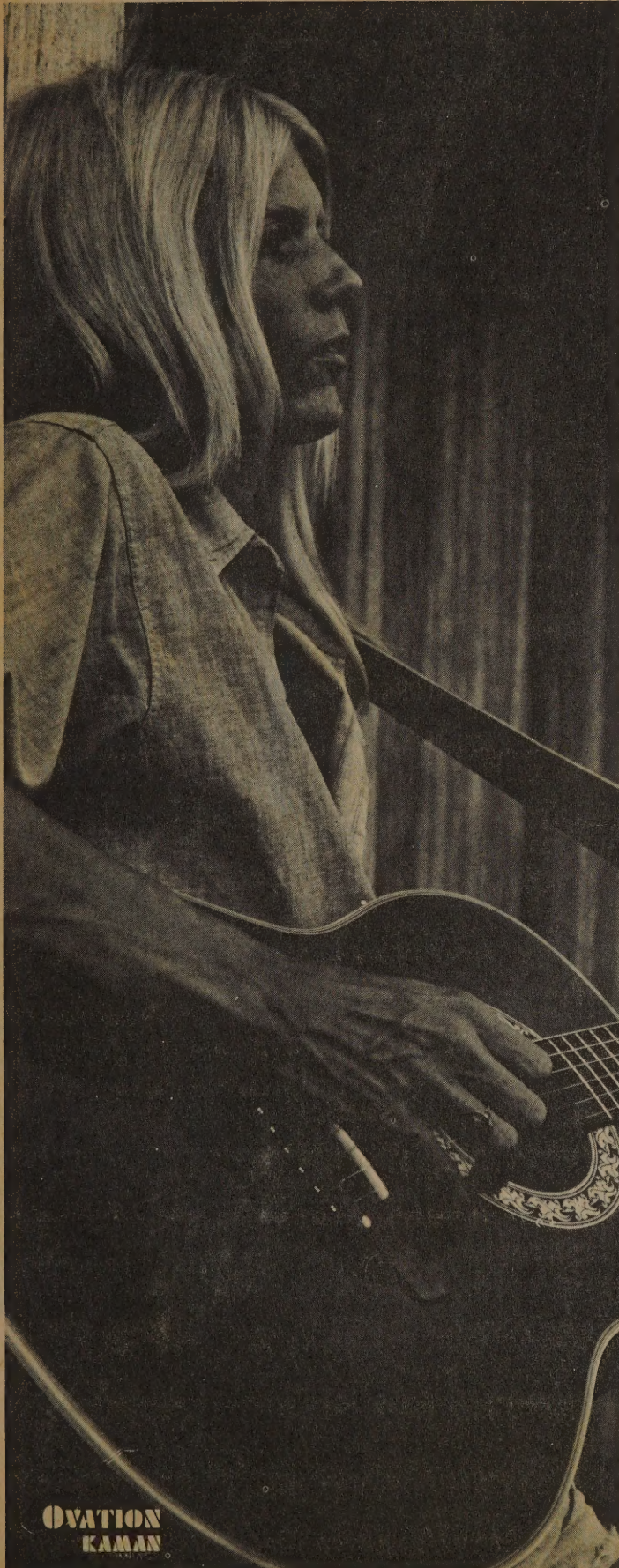
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CORRECTION

We wish to credit Jan Boggs with the article written by him entitled "Jim Croce's Last Interview" that appeared in the April '74 issue of HIT PARADER and also the Summer issue of SONG HITS of the SUPER SEVENTIES. His byline was inadvertently omitted.

Jan is a graduate student in Educational Psychology at Mississippi State University.

His article was the product of an avid interest in popular music and writing which brought him to that fateful night of Jim Croce's next-to-last concert.

HIT PARADER

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Tolkien Influenced?

Dear H.P.,

Asking if Robbie Plant's lyrics ever refer to Prof. Tolkien's "Lord Of The Rings," is like asking if Jimmy Page is able to play the guitar. ANYONE who has ever listened to the lyrics of "Ramble" or "Battle of Evermore", to name a couple, knows that the Zep refer to the book.

Each of the four symbols on Led Zeppelin's fourth album represents a part of that band member's personality. In the case of Robbie Plant, the circle with the feather inside is a symbol for honesty. Plant himself has stated, "I like people to lay down the truth - no rubbish."

Sincerely,
Edgar Golubienko
St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada

Dear Editor,

In a recent issue, the question was asked if any members of Led Zeppelin were into J.R.R. Tolkien's literary masterpiece "The Lord of the Rings Trilogy". The answer is a definite yes. I am assuming this member is Mr. Plant, being the head lyric man for the band.

Direct quotes from the Trilogy, or individual words can be found on Zep's second and fourth albums, possibly on the III and Houses of the Holy albums.

As an example, the lines that open "Stairway to Heaven":

There's a lady who's sure all that
glitters is gold.

This line can be attributed to a poem by J.R.R. Tolkien on page 321, Volume I of the Trilogy.

Another example from the same song:

There's a feeling I get when I look
to the west, and my spirit is crying
for leaving.

On page 383 of Volume III, the final departure by the elves over the sea to the west is accomplished. This part of the story is a fundamental part of the tale, and is mentioned in every volume of the Trilogy, including the opening chapter.

In the song "Ramble On", the names Gollum and the Land of Shadow, Mordor, are mentioned continually throughout the tale, and also play an important part.

The song "Battle of Evermore" is almost solid Tolkien. The song is an account of the War of the Ring. It is probably the best example of Tolkien in Plant's lyrics.

By the way, examples of runes can be found on pages 231 and 252 of the first Volume.

There are many other examples of Tolkien's work in other Zeppelin songs, but I'll let Tolkien-Zep fans find them for themselves.

Mike Davis
South Bend, Indiana.

P.S. Keep up the good work. You were the only R&R magazine to have decent coverage on Swan Song Records.

Praise, Queries, Etc.

Dear Hit Parader:

Well, it's the last half hour of Christmas Eve and just one - half hour till Christmas day! Sprawled out all over the bed in a super warm, toasty room getting high off of Bad Co. and reading about John Lennon all at once is just too much!! I just had to let out all my feelings by writing to ya!!

You guys have finally, and I mean FINALLY, out done yourselves! I thought last issue was good! I just fell in love with that cover when I saw it, I mean truly! I just flipped. Is there any thought of making it into a life size poster? I really felt close to him. For

sometime now, I have really been hating him. But just recently I've been kinda changing my mind and your article did it. I just love John now! As soon as I get 5 bucks together I'm going out to get his lp.

Not only was your article on John fantastic, but Richard's (hey, is he your brother or something?) article on Mick Ronson was just OUT-OF-SIGHT!!! My god, look at that chest!! That Face! Ohhhhhh ... sigh, he's just *too* much! I know this sounds stupid but do you think Mick's nice? If you want to know something he looks kinda mean. Oh well ...

Keep up the fantastic work coz you've really been getting good articles.

'Kiki' D. Laurance

Dear Hit Parader,

Would just like to say I truly love your magazine and Roy Hollingworth for his Rory Gallagher story. The likes of it brought tears to my eyes. And if I'd Rory's money and guts I would have stood proud in the Ulster Hall audience that beautiful day!

A Gallagher fan,
St. Catharines, Canada

Dear Hit Parader,

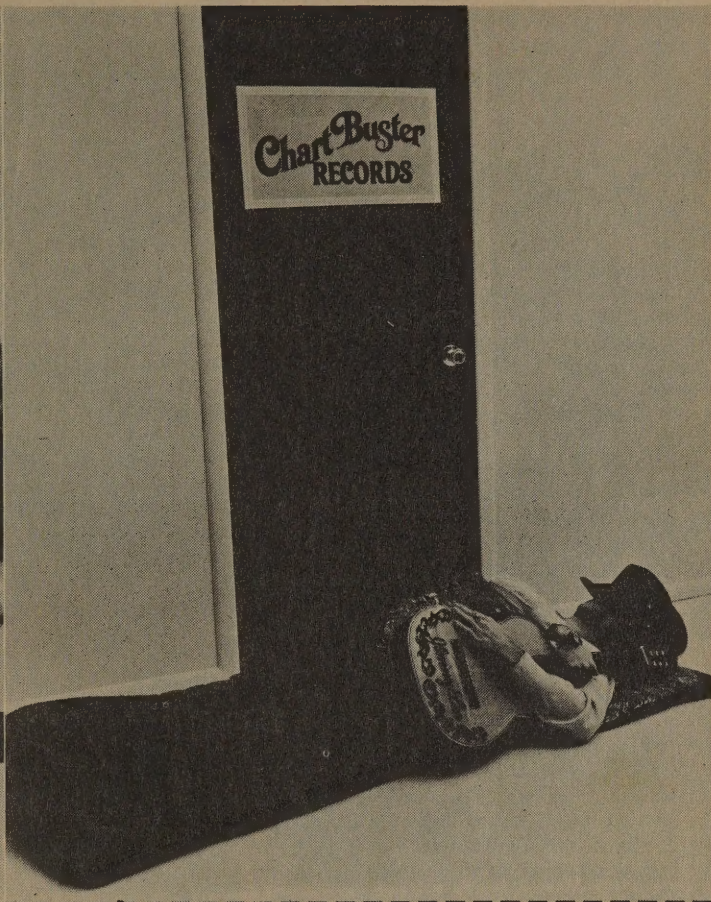
I heard that Mick Taylor of the Rolling Stones is leaving the group, is it true?? I certainly hope not!! He is one of the best in the group. If he did leave the Stones, would you please tell me why, and where he has gone. Besides Jagger I think he's the greatest!!!

Thank you,
Marilyn Glover
Dearborn, Michigan

Dear Marilyn,

Mick Taylor has joined a band with Jack Bruce; they'll have a record out soon on RSO Records. (Editor).

Four ways to get someone in the music business to listen to your song.



HP

The sure way is the 1975 American Song Festival.

Instead of going to ridiculous lengths to get a music business heavy to hear your song, enter it in the 1975 American Song Festival. We'll *guarantee* your song will be heard by the "right" people. Because the right people, A&R pros, music executives and publishers, serve as our judges.

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The American Song Festival
(An International Songwriting Competition)
P.O. Box 57, Hollywood, CA 90028

A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JIM DANDY?

By Scott Cohen

Rock and roll means money, fame and women as much as it means music. Alice Cooper is known for his money and Mick Jagger is known for his fame. Do you know that Jim Dandy Mangrum is the biggest stud in rock and roll? Jim Dandy formed a band so he could meet more women.

Being from Black Oak, Arkansas, made Jim horny. There were only two girls in Black Oak who were Jim's age. When one moved away to private school, the one that remained had a boyfriend who was a basketball star and drove a new car. This proved to be too much competition for Jim and made him hornier.

Beside there being only one girl, the town of Black Oak has one stop light, one phone booth and one fire hydrant. Black Oak has a population of 200, not nearly enough for Jim Dandy, a restless L'il Abner with an enormous sex drive.

Jim first committed the passionate crime of breaking and entering when he was pretty young, "bout eight or nine." He was in the hay loft with his cousin, whom he now calls his kissing cousin. They started out wrestling, which led to touching and ended up, well, you know.






Today Jim is as popular among twelve and thirteen year old girls as he ever was. Even more so since Black Oak has become one of the most popular bands in rock and roll today. Black Oak owes as much to their sex appeal as to their music, which is also hard, raunchy and sexy. Jim thinks he's a big hit with young girls for the same reason he's a hit with older girls. "If they're up for it, I'll get right down to it," he says with a wolfish grin. He likes to inspire manlihood. He is a chauvinist who knows sex is a big common denominator among people of all ages. Jim's glad he has such young fans, because that means in ten years from now they'll be the perfect age for him. Jim Dandy doesn't plan to marry and settle down until he's forty.

Jim enjoys all aspects of sex, the foreplay as much as the orgasm. "For me there's more than one orgasm, and I like it all ways. Unless if it's too easy. Then it turns me off." The past year has been a good one for Jim. As he puts it, "I've planted lots of seeds. People draw life from me but it's alright because I've got lots of life to give." Jim is obviously pro-life.

Jim prefers strong, independent women. He doesn't like insecure women. Being what he considers a playboy, he likes the voluptuous playgirl type who once appeared in cigarette commercials. But what Jim fears most in life is a woman who would want Jim to be more than just a stud. Jim Dandy's afraid he might fall in love with someone who wants to settle down. Jim is not quite the settling down type. He is too busy with his many girlfriends right now. He will be ready "once there ain't no more women out there wantin' me." No one is really holding their breath. Black Oak is a big band. They tour as much, if not more, than any other rock band, and as Jim proudly attests, there are pretty women everywhere.

Before Jim Dandy and the boys were successful musicians and lovers, they were itinerant farm hands. They worked in the fields for their fathers, until their fathers lost their farms to the large, corporate farmers. Then they worked for anyone who would hire them, chopping cotton, driving tractors, doing anything. They were working harder and harder and their hair was getting longer. Then people stopped hiring them. That's when they turned to music. "That's when we decided music would be our salvation," he says, wisely.

Having long hair was a little tougher when you're from a small town in the deep South. Black Oak, collectively, has longer hair than any other rock band, and Jim, who hasn't cut his in nine years, had long hair before it was fashionable,... before he had a T.V. or radio and the Beatles were unknown in his area. "Long hair don't mean nothin' to us. When you're out in the woods, there ain't no such thing as long hair or short hair. There's just freedom. Long hair to us is a symbol of freedom and you gotta be a man to keep it." Black Oak had long hair



when they first started out as a band; they had long hair when they first started to get into trouble and they had long hair when they were kicked out of Black Oak.

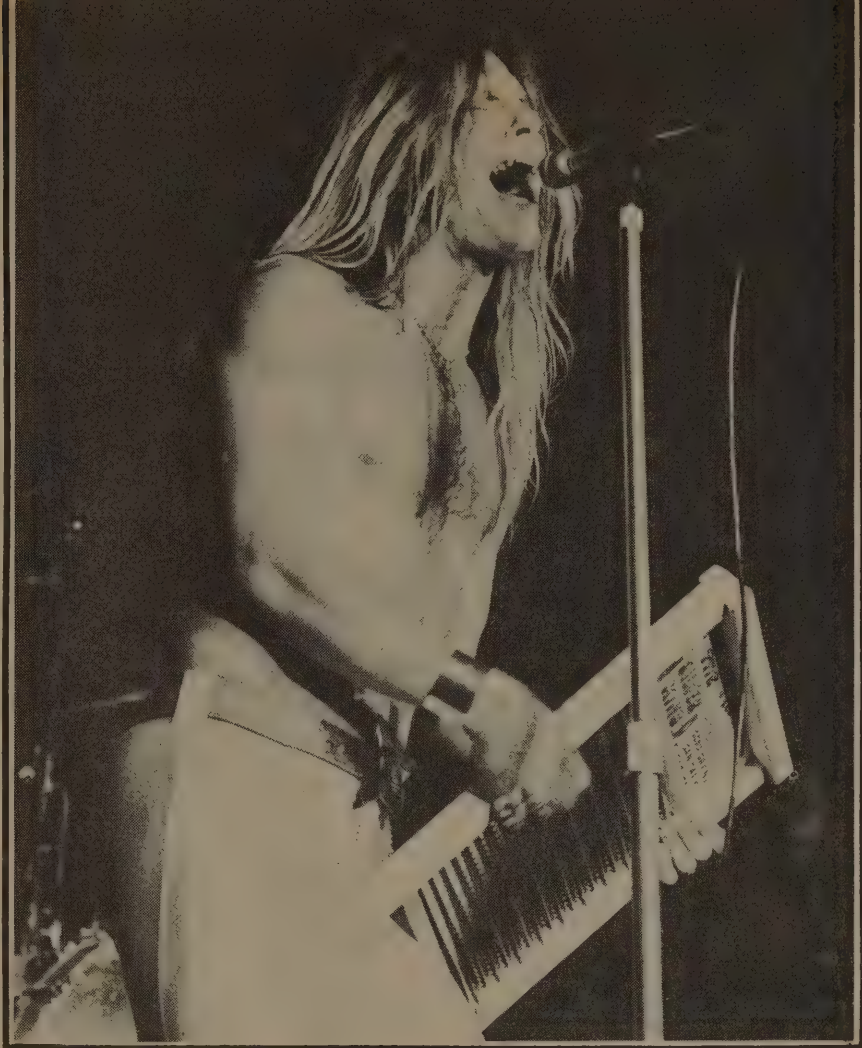
To become a successful band you need the right equipment. Too poor to buy it, Jim Dandy and the others went from school to school stealing it. They were eventually caught ripping off a P.A. system, eight microphones and a tape recorder from one of the high schools. Jim got eight years, suspended sentence.

Rock and roll is, by its nature, rebellion. Jim feels rock was created by his generation because it was the only way it knew how to rebel against "parents, bureaucracies and anyone who denies change." The more rebellious the group, the more Jim likes them. There are few groups with Black Oak's outlaw image.

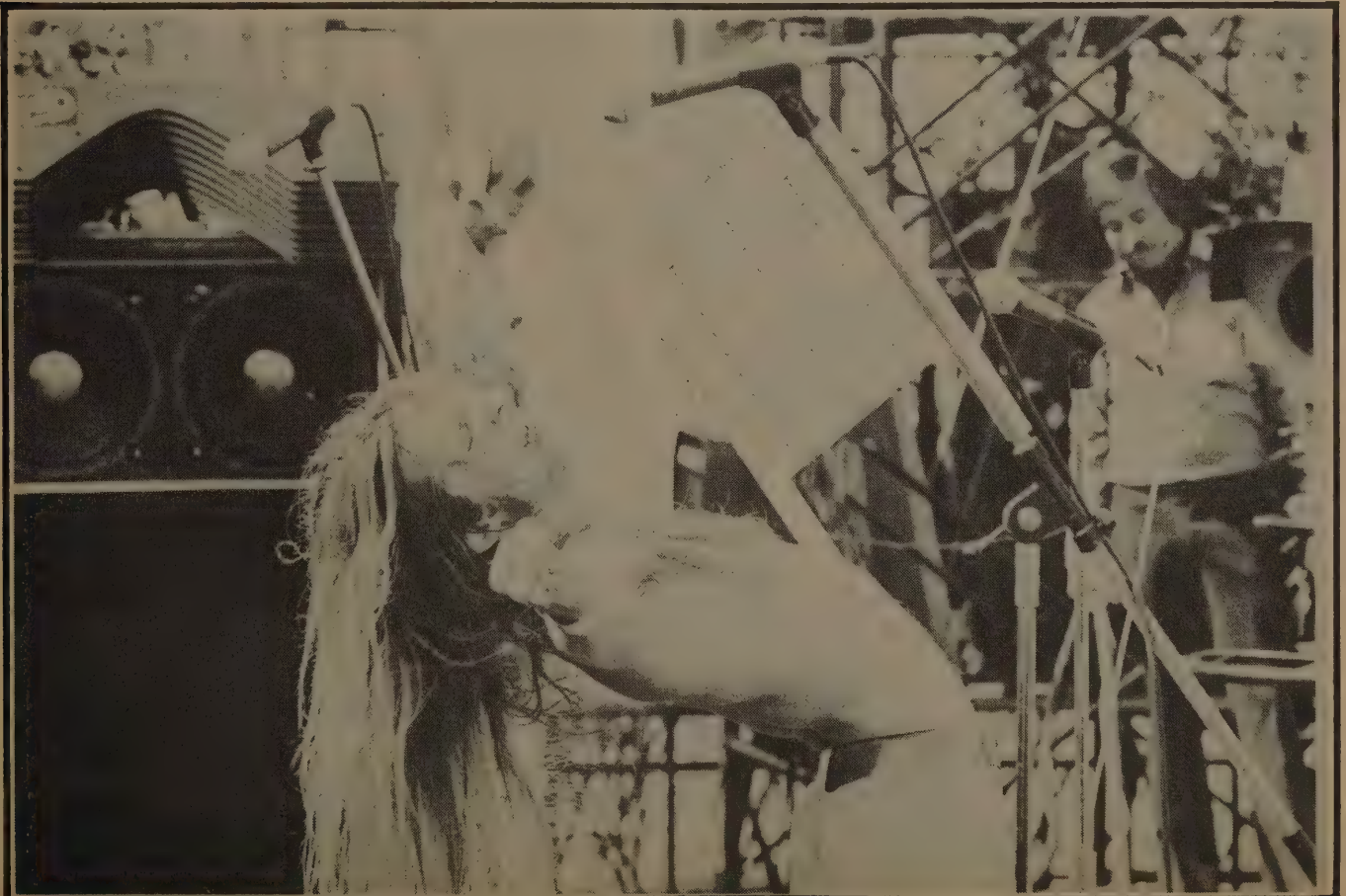
Before Black Oak was a rich and famous rock and roll band that could boast so many groupies, they were selling blood in Los Angeles, Memphis, New Orleans and just about any town they stopped in. Last year however, they made over a million dollars and are worth quite a bit more than that. They are a big family with their own realty company and leasing company. They are one of the few landowners in Arkansas who are natives of the state. They are at war with outside corporations trying to buy up the state.

Knowing just how difficult it is to own land, Black Oak bought a mountain top to give their fans. Anyone who wants to can live there. As a jesture of thanks, anyone can mail away and receive a deed to one square inch of Southern land the band owns.

Jim Dandy and the Black Oakians would still go on with their music even if they weren't making money, didn't own land weren't getting laid. "You don't stop making music for no one or nothing. We'd be content sitting up in the mountains playing to the trees." If they weren't content doing that, they would, as Jim says, be sitting in jail. "Rock and roll's our sole salvation." □



Michael Putland



Preston/Kent

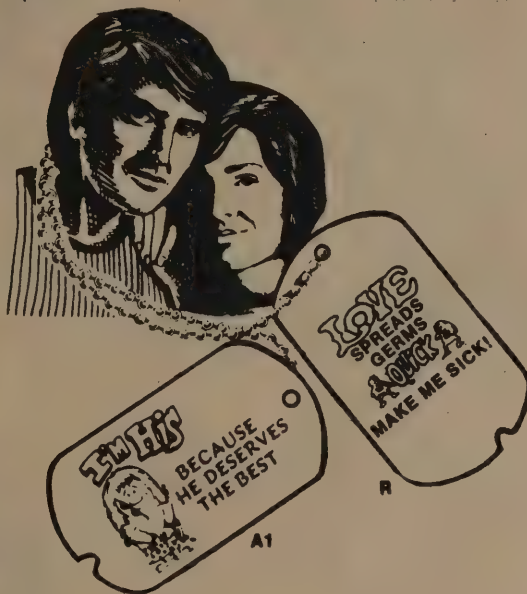
A high-contrast, black and white photograph of Jimmy Page, the lead guitarist of Led Zeppelin. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his signature long, curly hair and round glasses. He is holding a Fender Telecaster electric guitar and appears to be in the middle of a performance on stage. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and hair against a dark background.

LED ZEPPELIN: ONSTAGE

**FIRST REPORT
OF LED ZEP TOUR..
see page 18**

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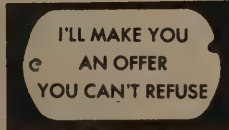
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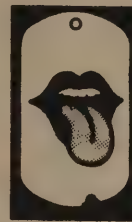
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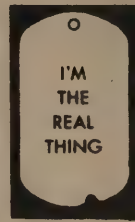
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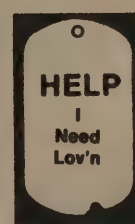
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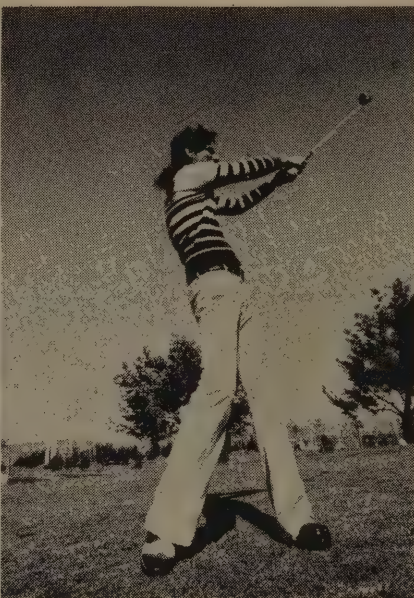
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

Alice Cooper takes his putter out for another swing at the green



When Alice Cooper tours this spring for about two months, he'll probably have a whole new band. It's definite that the original Alice Cooper group won't be with him; Neal Smith and Mike Bruce are making solo lps, as of this minute no one's too sure of what Glenn Buxton and Dennis Dunaway are up to. Anyway, Alice will be taking along Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter who played on his solo soundtrack lp, "Welcome to my Nightmare" (they also played with Lou Reed, Mitch Ryder, and other Bob Ezrin productions). "Welcome to my Nightmare" is about a psychotic named Steven who kills someone; it'll be the theme for a big TV Special Alice is about to do. (Atlantic will release the solo lp in the States and Canada courtesy of Warner Brothers, who Alice is under contract to.)

Alice continues to pursue a TV career, with a strong eye out to middle America. Recently he was seen on the Smothers

Brothers Comedy (sic) hour, where he lip synched to "Unfinished Suite" complete with full Hollywood skit regalia; nurses, dentist's chairs, dancing teeth, Zeigfield girl lollipops, and the like. Just what he's always wanted. Alice's next TV show will be directed by Joe Ganon and David Winters, and will be about Steven, the psychotic, as we said. This summer Alice will go to England — where he has a huge following, and perform several dates. No doubt he'll do some old favorites, as well as the material on "Nightmare", which consists of: "Welcome to my Nightmare", "Cold Ethyl", "Years Ago", "Some Folks", "Only Women Bleed", "Department of Youth", "Devil's Food", "The Black Widow", "Steven", "The Awakening", "The Escape". Musicians on the lp are Jozef Kiriowsky, - keyboards, Tony Levin - bass, Prakesh John - bass, John Badanjek - drums, Whitey Glan - drums, Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter - guitars, and Alice of course, on vocals. Welcome back...

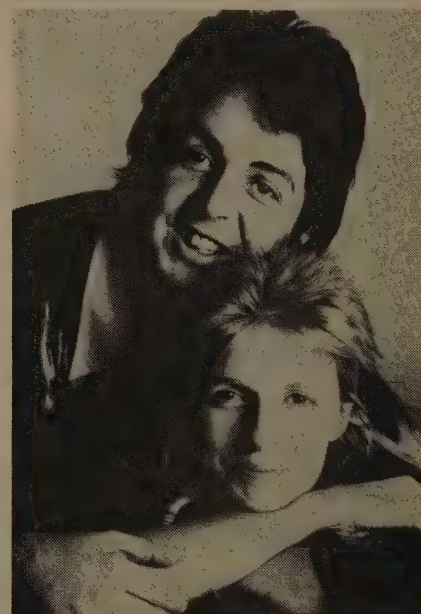
Rick Derringer will have a new album released in April on Blue Sky Records. Tentatively titled "Spring Fever", one of the features of the lp is a reggae version of "Hang On Sloopy". (Not the Todd Rundgren produced "Hang On Sloopy" that Todd did a year and a half ago when Rick was considering having a different producer for each cut on the album, an

idea that was scrapped.) The lp consists basically of all Derringer originals, with a lot of emphasis on rock and roll. "Walkin the Dog" - the Rufus Thomas oldie - but - goodie that is one of Rick's favorite rockers for stage, is included on the album. Johnny and Edgar Winter both helped out, playing slide guitar, keyboards and sax respectively, and

Chick Corea played synthesizer. The recording was done in the Record Plant in New York, with Rick producing and Shelly Yakus as engineer. Planned for inclusion at press time was a sing-along song, where Alice Cooper, Flo & Eddie, Bette Midler, David Johansen, Johnny & Edgar Winter, Todd Rundgren and other friends and musicians were expected to show up and sing along. It is expected that Rick will tour early summer with the Edgar Winter group.



Rick's done a reggae version of "Hang On Sloopy"...



Paul and Linda get funky in New Orleans

Paul & Linda McCartney flew into New York for a brief stopover before going to Allen Toussaint's Sea-Saint Studios in New Orleans to possibly record the next Wings album. Linda told friend Danny Fields, "We're going to New Orleans for the same reasons we went to Nairobi - because they have such good musicians there." There was a bit of

difficulty getting work permits for some of the members of Wings, but everything was smoothed over with a bit of help in diplomatic circles. Expect some new Wings product by the end of spring. Meanwhile - McCartney received several well-deserved Grammy nominations for "Band on the Run"; "Best Pop, Rock and Folk Vocal by a Duo, Group or Chorus" and "Album of the Year".

Ian Hunter says "It's going to take some time", in reference to his work with Mick Ronson. When he called us recently to talk about the album he and Mick have been doing in London, he said he was "knocked out" by what they've done so far. "But," he continued, "it took Mott four lousy albums before things started happening. I don't mean lousy, just learning and formative albums. And people expect me and Mick to do it in three months." He went on to say that he couldn't have stayed with Mott, it was a mental, physical and emotional decision to leave, he had no alternative. "When something's finished, it's finished," he said. "I could have no more played with them than ... fly." And - "This album won't mark a real departure for me. I mean after all, I was writing most of Mott's material - and this album is me, so what are you going to get? I can see directions that Mick and I can eventually go towards, if we're still together, but if people are expecting real changes right away, forget it. It takes time." Meanwhile, plans are underway for Ian's solo tour; he'll start in England in March - and probably come to the States (with Ronson) around May. A possible venue mentioned is the Metropolitan Opera House in New York - and the rest of his band is composed of relative unknowns; the drummer is an ex-Rat (Ronson's old band) who Ian described as "Jazz influenced". He'll play 3,000 seat halls in the U.S. - places like the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion in Los Angeles, the Chicago Auditorium, and the Boston Music Hall.



Ian says it'll take time ...

Bryan Ferry's solo concert at the Royal Albert Hall in London was a major success. Bryan, dressed in tuxedo and backed by large orchestra, did what he likes the best, sang solo. He used several of Roxy's musicians to back him up, although Andy McKay was noticeably missing. And - even though some of the reviews were mixed, observers said that Bryan was splendid. American fans have Roxy's tour to look forward to; they'll start out in February and will do more dates than they did last time, although not nearly enough. Meanwhile - "Country Life" had to go out to the stores with a green plastic shrink wrap, to protect our eyes from the oh - so - sexy posed ladies on the cover. If you have the lp, you know what we mean.

Mike Putland



Bryan sings solo ...

Bad Company will tour in the States in April, with Maggie Bell co-billed. Bad Company, who received a Grammy Award nomination for the Best New Artist of the Year (along with David Essex, Johnny Bristol, Bob James, Phoebe

Snow and Marvin Hamlisch), will have a new lp out to coincide with the tour. As "Movin' On" moves up the charts, Paul Rodgers, Simon Kirke, Mick Ralphs and Boz Burrell do the final mixing on the second Bad Company lp.



Paul Rodgers and Mick Jagger seen at a London Soiree ...

Mike Putland

Bits & Pieces: John Waters next film (first was the incredible "Pink Flamingoes") is called "Female Trouble" and stars - once again - the Divine. Co-starred are Mink Stole and Mary Vivian Pearce, and the plot is about a woman named Dawn Davenport - a headline seeking criminal who struggles against the daily problems of motherhood, authority, glamour and murder ... Polydor Records will release the soundtrack to "Tommy" - the Ken Russell film which will open in New York and L.A. on March 19th. The lp will contain the four new Townshend songs, "Today It Rained Champagne", "Mother and Son", "Bernie's Holiday Camp", and "Deceived". Rumours are that when the film opens in New York, the city will name that day "Tommy Day" - with all of the appropriate floats and parades ... Elliot Murphy has officially been signed to RCA, Warners has Commander Cody, and Warners will release some old live Lenny Bruce stuff ... Loudon Wainwright's next lp - titled "Unrequited" is fantastic. Once again, Loudon has proved himself the master of the sardonic, and you should get a chance to see him perform some of this stuff live on college campuses and clubs soon. He'll also be doing some big dates - like March 21st at Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln

Center ... Leonard Cohen will do a solo concert at Lincoln Center one of the same nights Led Zeppelin sells out the Garden ... Watch for Orchestra Luna's terrific lp, and a possible Reno Sweeney appearance for the group this spring in New York ... Novella Nelson will probably be signed to Clive Davis' Arista Records label ... Andy Warhol's next film will be called "Bad" and may feature Jackie Curtis ... "Sgt. Pepper" may or may not be on the road by the time you read this; legal hassles forced the Stigwood Organization to close the show in New York ... Ron Asheton, formerly of the Stooges, has formed a new band. Called The New Order, it is made up of nearly all ex-Stooges; Jimmy Recca on bass, Scott Thurston on piano, and then Dennis Thompson - an original MC5 member, on drums. Ron plays lead guitar of course ... Poet Cherry Vanilla has a terrific book out called "Pop Tart" which relates through photos and poems some of her rock and roll experiences of the past few years. You can get the book by writing to Hit Parade and letting us know ... Somebody's Pulling Somebody's Leg Dept: Elton John recently told a national magazine that he was going to do a drag version of Hamlet with David Bowie playing Ophelia...???□

RECORDS

ADAM FAITH:

I Survive (Warner Brothers BS 2791)



Adam Faith first made a big impression on American teens almost a decade ago, when he burst onto the Shindig stage to perform a wildly a-go-go version of his overnite hit, "It's Alright," over national television. While a bevy of mini-skirted, white-booted disco mamas frugged furiously around him, Adam wriggled and raved, dapper and quintessentially mod in his tab-collared shirt and dark suit. Strangely enough, Faith failed to follow up his initial pop music successes, and took advantage of his mod archetypality to star in several period flicks revolving around revolution on motor scooters. Five years after he incited screams in a Stateside tv studio, Adam Faith seemed no more than a passing artifact of the mid-sixties, like the Ryan Brothers or Cilla Black.

But Faith had other fish to fry, appreciating that you can't pander to a fickle pop public indefinitely. He built up a solid reputation as a cockney character actor on British television, and a little over a year ago discovered a young singer-songwriter named Leo Sayer. Faith and his melodic mate Dave Courtney collaborated to produce Sayer's remarkable first album, and then went on to co-produce and contribute songs for Roger Daltrey's solo debut. Both projects were resoundingly successful, so Faith decided to return to pop as a singer-songwriter himself, backed by the team that had made the Daltrey and Sayer discs so memorable.

For those beguiled by Leo's romantic, melancholy, and boyish vulnerability, Faith's *I Survive* is more of the same at its source. The

musicians are the same as Sayer's basically comprising Courtney on piano and Argent's former guitarist Russ Ballard, as well as that band's rhythm section, Bob Henrit on drums and Jim Rodford on bass. String arrangements for the most part are provided by Del Newman, who has served in the same capacity for Daltrey, Sayer, and Cat Stevens.

Since the sound of Courtney's melodies remains almost identical to his pennings for Sayer and Daltrey, and the production approach is also similar, just about the only difference between Faith's album and its forerunners is Adam's voice itself. Faith's vocal style is neither as reedy or idiosyncratic as Sayer's nor as distinctive and strong as Daltrey's. It's pretty much an above average, preciously tenor, singer-songwriter kind of voice, which excels on sparsely arranged ballads such as "Honey" and "In Your Life." Courtney's flair for dance-hall joviality offers a change of pace in the gently satirical "Foreign Lady" and "Goodbye."

Trouble is, for all its pleasant palatability, Faith's *I Survive* lacks a convincing identity of its own. Visually, Adam has abandoned his rock 'n roll rebel image for that of a blond and virile British Robert Redford type. But the lover-in-pain his songs project just doesn't jibe with his rough and tumble good looks, so important to his role as rockstar confidant in David Essex's film "Star-dust." Besides, over-sensitive singer-songwriters seem to be something we have too many of today, anyway, and Leo himself slipped in just under the line of tolerability. The Adam Faith of the sixties was a dynamo of sex and energy. The singer-songwriter of the seventies sounds somewhat wimpy by comparison. Maybe Faith will have to content himself with being a successful manager, producer, and movie star. Tough break, Adam.

Ted Boise

MICK RONSON:

Play Don't Worry (RCA Records APL 1-0681)

As much as his guitarist colleagues Ronny Wood or Dickie Betts, Mick Ronson is one of the good old boys of rock. Though he may look like a platinum-tinged glitter vamp, beneath a savage and sexual exterior there beats a heart of gold. Like Betts and Wood, Ronson is best remembered for his work within one

of rock's most striking ensembles, in his case, David Bowie's late lamented Spiders From Mars. Not only was the champagne blond bomber an electrifying foil for La Bowie on stage, giving Dave's theatricality the aura of rock'n roll respectability, but on albums like *Hunky Dory* and *Aladdin Sane*, his talents as a producer and arranger proved to be considerable.



Unfortunately, like Betts and Wood, Ronson is a bit at sea as a solo performer. As evidenced by his first album on his own, *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue*, Ronno's taste was at best inconsistent, including sources from Bowie to Rodgers and Hammerstein, and at worst embarrassing, revealing a penchant for Italian schlock. His own compositions, such as "Only After Dark," were (to be kind) forgettable.

Be that as it may, who could help but cheer Ronson's decision to join Mott the Hoople, even though his role has been redefined recently to serving as "musical director" for the himself now solo Ian Hunter? Close upon the heels of that announcement, however, came news that Ronno would continue to record as a solo artiste for MainMan and his second album *Play Don't Worry* was released shortly after. Though wisely avoiding Bowie material altogether, *Play Don't Worry* is just about as diffuse and/or bland as its predecessor, and fails to convey any real purpose for Ronson's solo career to begin with.

His guitar is still pretty great, and his voice ain't all that bad, but it lacks any distinction save that of sincerity. The best cut on the album is the single, "Billy Porter," on which Ronno plays everything but sax and synthesizer. "Porter" is theatrical, moody, Brechtian, and far too Bowieish, albeit strongly reminiscent of David's days of glory gone by; it, as well as the rest of *Play Don't Worry*, is incredibly well-produced by Ronson himself, just like a musical car-

toon. If Mick's rock vision had any character of its own, his ear would never let him down.

With the exception of a fairly powerful version of Lou Reed's "White Light/White Heat," it almost seems that Mick enjoys singing stupid lyrics in an unbearably mannered voice. He pays tribute to his pals Pure Prairie League by arranging "Angel No. 9" and "Woman" to sound like heavy metal Poco. His revamp of Little Richard's "The Girl Can't Help It," with background vocals courtesy of Ian Hunter, sounds like Jimmy Page in the throes of a methedrine rush. That's not necessarily good, and neither is "The Empty Bed," yet another of Ronson's spaghetti weepers, with new and inane words written for a meaninglessly melodramatic melody. The production is once again peerless, and in this context, pointless. So are many of the excellent backing tracks by pianist Mike Garson, Spider bassist Trevor Bolder, and drummers Tony Newman and Aynsley Dunbar. They simply can't overcome the overall lack of an artistic point of view.

There must be something a poor boy can do, 'sides the standard perfunctory stab at solo stardom. Ronno's still a likeable lad, but he's getting to resemble the party-goer who does the same card trick wrong at every party, who doesn't even know when he's not playing with a full deck. David Bowie seemed to prove that you can get away with anything in rock, so long as you believe firmly enough in your own uniqueness, whether it exists in fact or not. Ronno doesn't seem to stand for anything except his guitar and a certain deep-down niceness; who'da thunk that platinum could ever taste so much like vanilla?

Ted Boise

MAGGIE BELL:

Suicide Sal (Swan Song)

When Maggie Bell came to America last year, not that many people were aware of her. That is, when she *first* came to America; for after a matter of weeks, she received more press than perhaps any rock artist since Edgar Winter, had an impressive debut album on sale, and a commanding stage presence caused her concerts to be unqualified rock and roll successes. Perhaps the problem with her first lp, "Queen of the Night", was that it emphasized blues material a bit too much;

onstage Maggie really is a rocker and her vocal abilities are well suited to funkier stuff.



Andy Kent

"Suicide Sal" - the lp she's recorded this past year in England with the help of producer/manager Mark London, has just the right combination of blues and rock and roll to show off this lady's superlative voice to its best advantage. Suicide Sal was the name of one of Maggie's aunts who performed vaudeville in Scotland; the album is dedicated to her, and named after that track. (There's alot of Suicide Sal in Maggie ... when she sings a line in that song like "Nobody knew what she'd been through ... she had the heart of a child", you get the feeling that it applies to Ms. Bell as well.) Side One starts out subtly, sexily - with a thumping bass and drums, and the song - "Wishing Well", is right ... *in* there. Maggie's ability to get into a song, to be raunchy, and to project her incredible voice is obvious on a song such as this, or on "What You Got" (which I think is a sure single), songs that rock, songs that she makes move.

Same goes for "I Saw Her Standing There" - the Beatles classic Maggie performs onstage. It's the funkiest version yet, and ends with a real Aretha-like, slow, gospelly "I could never dance with another" ... and then Maggie whispers "beautiful" and giggles ... Of course her giggle is alot raunchier than just a giggle - but you get the point.

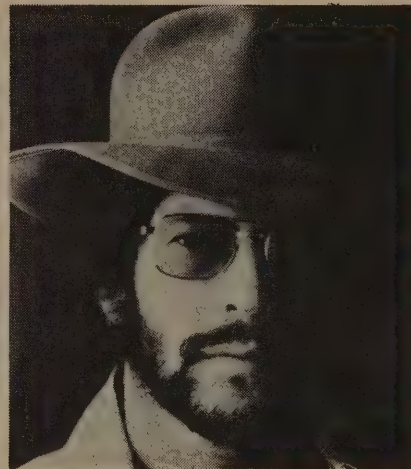
And yet - there isn't any side of her vocal personality that's missed in this subtly produced, perfectly arranged and expertly thought out album. Songs like "Hold On", "Chains" and "In My Life" show the bluesy, sad side, and "It's Been So Long" - the number that ends the album - is a magnificent gospel hymn; the kind of stuff I like Maggie doing the best. She had some help from a few friends; Paul Rodgers, Simon Kirke, Phil May and Zoot Money wrote some of

the songs, Jimmy Page plays a bit of guitar. But there is no doubt that this album is pure Maggie Bell. There aren't that many voices around like hers, there aren't that many people who can move you as much with a lyric

Lisa Robinson

KINKY FRIEDMAN

Kinky Friedman (ABC) Records
ABCD-829)



On my favorite cut on this album, "Wild Man From Borneo", Kinky Friedman sings "they come to see what they want to see, they come to see but they never come to know".

A victim as well as a beneficiary of his own publicity, Kinky Friedman, the Texas Jew-boy is perceived by many as a comic novelty act. In fact, his sense of comedy is merely a supplement to his poetry and music.

Like a Shakespearean fool who masks his wisdom with self mockery, Kinky has considerably more depth than his image might lead you to believe. Perhaps the biggest surprise on this, his second album, is Kinky's musical versatility. Produced by Willie Nelson, the new record ranges from modern country to the melancholy rock ballad feeling of the Kinks no pun intended - I swear. Listen to "Wild Man From Borneo" and see if you couldn't hear Ray Davies singing it.). "They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore" for example, achieves several things at once. Its title and chorus is comic and catchy; yet he has a statement to make that gives a song durability while attractively disguising a sincere attitude in a cynical and funny style.

Much of the music is just fun to listen to, easy to tap your feet to and filled with energy. Kinky is an original; and a talented one at that.

Don Swan

LED ZEPPELIN: ONSTAGE

By Lisa Robinson

"We'd like to dedicate this number to all the people who came to see us without our having a record out or anything," shouted Robert Plant to the 20,000 in Chicago's Stadium as the band went into "Stairway" - and pandemonium ensued. No doubt this song is *the* one - the one that has all that old Zeppelin magic, and makes the audience go over the top. "Of course," Plant added, "it's not that we haven't been busy, we've been starting a record company, making a film, finishing the lp ... and jerking ourselves off," he laughed. *That* was the last thing that happened in the three nights Zeppelin did in Chicago. Even with Jimmy Page's broken finger, (third finger, left-hand - , Page says it's the most important one for a guitarist because it does all the leverage and most of the work), and Robert's voice taking a day or two to find it's highest level, Led Zeppelin were back with their high powered, high energy, two and a half hour show - and once again, they're simply devastating.

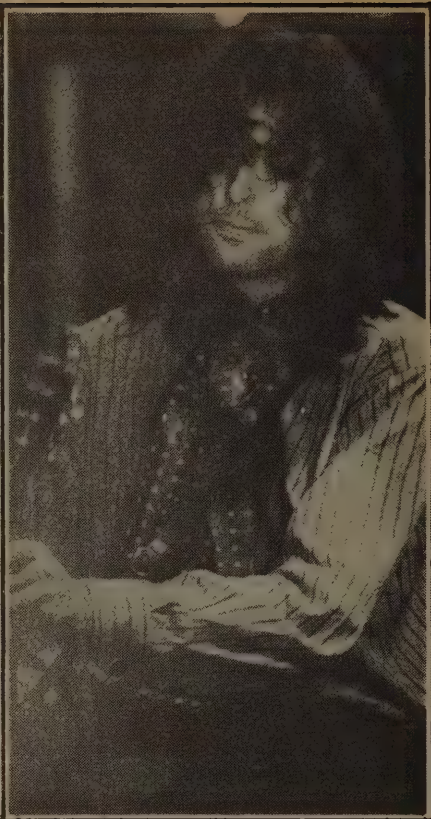
"You know we always do our best," Page said to me in the Ambassador East Hotel after one of the concerts, "no matter what our disabilities are. We've never gone out where there's been a good audience there and just messed about. Right now I feel as though I'm limping through the set, even though it might sound good. But I want to get it back right, it's just going to take time for this finger to heal. I can play chord changes with it, but even then it still hurts."

He needn't worry - although it has been a drag at first; Jimmy having broken his finger getting off a train in England on his way to rehearsal. "I was at the front of the train and obviously must have grabbed at something, caught the finger in a doorway hinge. I was so numb with shock, really ... I just looked at it and said,



'oh no ...' But," he laughed, "I am developing this three finger technique. I think when I return home to England I'll work on that - develop a three finger, and then even a two finger technique so that the next time I have an accident - which I'm *bound* to - right before an important tour! - I'll be ready."

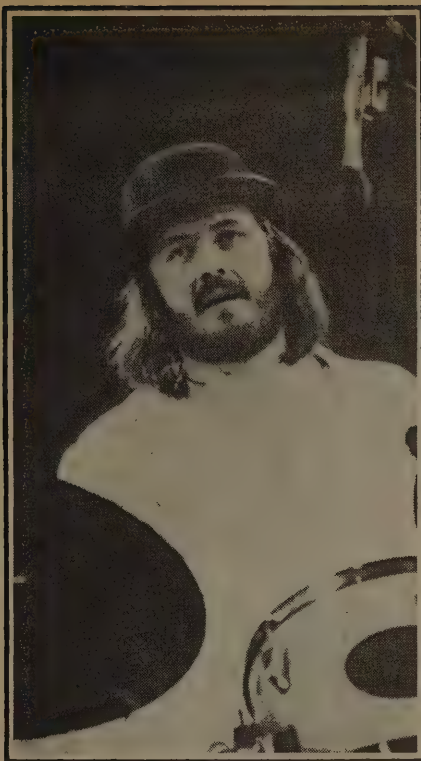
The show starts out with "Rock & Roll", fast, rocking - high powered song that goes right into "Sick Again", a new one from "Physical Graffiti" that talks a bit about the L.A. groupie scene ... "Do you know my name? ... Do I look the same? ... "Some day you're gonna be sixteen ...". Plant, as ever, struts and dances about the stage, he seems to have more



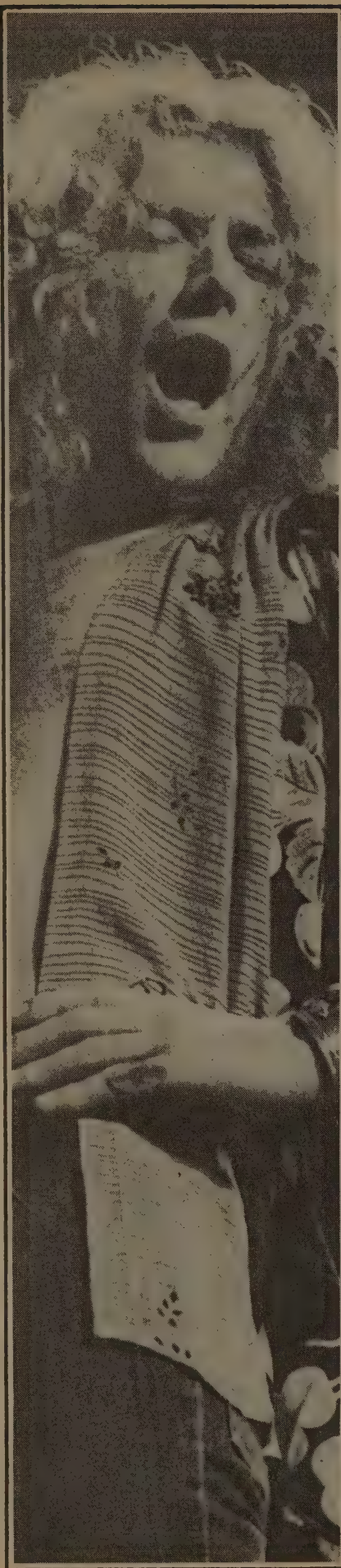
hair than ever before and it's an effective stage prop bathed in the elaborate red, green blue lights Zeppelin has with them for the tour. (In Chicago Robert wore blue jeans and an open-shirted red and white silk patchwork blouse; he says he has other outfits as well, but knowing how he tends to get attached to one...)

"Over the Hills and Far Away" was next, and by now the fans have had almost two years to become familiar with the material from "Houses of the Holy" - so it's met with cheers. First night in Chicago they did "When the Levee Breaks" - but it was not included in the set the next two nights. Zeppelin are (as we go to press) still experimenting with the set; so whereas most of the songs remain the same! - don't be surprised if there are changes here and again. Of course the actual music sounds different nightly. Page's solos tend to really take off when he's in the mood, and John Paul Jones' mellotron and organ work is always a bit improvised. "The Song Remains The Same" was next followed by the lovely "Rain Song". Perhaps the highlight of the show is "Kashmir" - an incredible, powerful new one - with lots of Arabian Nights - fantasy sounds from Jones while Bonzo and Page keep up an incessant, interesting riff. This will most likely be the classic from "Graffiti" (even though Page prefers "In The Light", a number they don't perform onstage.). But I personally enjoy "Trampled Underfoot" the most; also new, and following "Kashmir" in the set. It's a rousing, rocking single if there ever was one; with it's "Come Together" - like rhythms and very funky Stones - like guitar, Zeppelin proves that they surely can do this stuff as well, perhaps better, than anyone.





"In My Time of Dying" - that old Bob Dylan/traditional one that they've revamped for the new lp comes next, you may not recognize it. Two of the three Chicago audiences were treated to "How Many More Times" - from the very first Zeppelin lp, one they've never done before onstage, and hopefully they'll keep this one in. "We did it to turn ourselves on," laughed Robert. "We'll take it out if it falls apart," said Jimmy. Meanwhile - it was terrific, with Page doing lots of that Yardbirds kind of stuff on guitar. "Stairway" was next - or was it "No Quarter"? Well - they did both of them, and when Plant talks about taking the mood in a huge arena and changing it, these two are numbers which prove his point. "No Quarter" starts out slowly, lovely, with dry ice filling the stage (and choking the guards by the barricades, I might add), and some gorgeous instrumental work by Jones throughout. Robert's voice is synthesized, in much the same way it was on the "Houses of the Holy" lp - and this number, received with moderate enthusiasm on the last tour, has become one of the highlights of the show. Of course "Stairway" is probably the favorite - and it is the final number. Well - not the final number of course, because the audiences I've seen so far won't let them go without at least two encores; and those have been "Black Dog" and "Communication Breakdown". (The only time you really hear "Whole Lotta Love" is in the opening strains of "Black Dog" - but it doesn't seem a serious lack. What does seem unfortunate so far, is that "Dazed and Confused" hasn't been included in the set because of Jimmy's finger, perhaps, later on in the tour they'll be able to do it. Meanwhile, he's been doing his violin bow solo during "How Many More Times", and the quick flash of theramin in "No Quarter".)



When Zeppelin come back onstage - to thousands and thousands of lit matches from the audience and surprisingly few firecrackers, huge four foot letters light up and spell out "LED ZEPPELIN". It's just part of an elaborate lighting and sound system provided by Showco that add to the overly professional aura of Zeppelin's stage show. It's big business rock and roll to be sure, but there's magic there too.

"You know," Robert told me as we relaxed one afternoon in his suite, "I realized around about the time we had the party at the Chiselhurst Caves on Halloween that I really missed the unity of the four of us, the side of the whole thing that I really dig. I realized that above everything else, above record companies, above films, above all of that - we were Led Zeppelin. And the place I dug the most was standing just a little bit to the right of Bonzo's drum kit. From that moment on, we started rehearsing, getting into full gear. And some of the tracks from the new lp that we're doing onstage already sound better than the album, because they're really building."

"We're playing well now," he said, "we're quite mature. We can play stuff like "Black Dog" - this is the Zeppelin that comes out of our ears, but we can also alter the mood with things like "Kashmir", or "No Quarter" or "The Song Remains the Same". I'll tell you - I was really nervous before the first gig, I guess because we're so self - critical. And as we walked up to the stage that night Jimmy turned to me and said, 'this is deja vu, you know? We have been here before' as the heart went into the mouth."

They've got nothing at all to be nervous about. Led Zeppelin are back - from February until the end of March they'll be all across the U.S.A., and somehow, it's making alot of other rock stuff pale by comparison. □



SURVIVING THE EARLY BRITISH INVASION

Part Two

By Wayne County

Well there's really not much point in raving on about The Beatles or The Rolling Stones. As I said before they are and were the biggest. Now let's see. Oh yestra, Herman's Hermits. You remember them. They were really big, even bigger commercially than the Dave Clark Five!!! They had a steady stream of hits and were the top raves of the tennybopper set via 16 Mag. and Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars. The Who are still big. They draw huge audiences wherever they go, and that included the entire world! A prime example of a group who started during The Early English Invasion and had the talent versatility and loyal devotion of their thousands of fans to constantly stay on top. They are bigger now than ever so what more can be said? Tom Jones is still around. But what happened to most of those other Early English Groups like The Swinging Bluejeans who scored big with their big hit "Hippy, Hippy Shake"? Well, most of them are either fat and bald, have grown beards and joined a heavy progressive group, work as shoe salesmen in some dinky shoe shop in Liverpool or London or wherever or are dead. Only the ones who managed to keep up with the forever changing times and tastes of public demands and trends of the Rock world still remain.

The British Invasion with it's new sound, new Mod look and new ways of liberalized thinking, started as a fad. I mean the long hair, Spanish boots, Liverpool sound etc. etc. etc. Well when a fad happens it is the shadow left by that fad that grows and steadily becomes the stable and creative force that eventually and gradually becomes accepted by a large portion of the record buying and concert attending public. We have seen it happen many times before. Anyone with any sense of creativity and common



ability to look back at the past and see how things continuously change and fall into place can easily fortell exactly where Rock is going. Alot of people in higher places in the Rock business world know, and are I am sorry to say trying to either stop it or slow it down as much as possible simply because they just ain't ready for it honey!!!

And for Rock groups or artists to last they must be willing and able to look ahead and not be afraid to dip into the future. Now combine that with some raw talent, and a couple of good gimmicks no matter how outrageous or conservative and honey you get a good Rock act, that will last as long as they can handle their drugs and keep their sanity!!! One group that has always kept up with the times

and have always provided us with some of the best Rock entertainment around are The Kinks!!! They are a prime example of a groups amazing ability to "Stay in the race," so to speak. Every year brings forth hordes of new Rock groups and artists, but only the most talented and (OR) cleveriest, and most versatile remain. Get the kid's attention but also get their hearts and minds. The fans love having something to hold on to. Something to identify and to play with. Their fantasies played out on stage and on record for them. A bit of happiness at their fingertips. I guess it's a bit like religion. You go to worship and to admire the beautiful stained glass windows and to put some money into the collection plate. It's all very pagan, and it's good honey!!!



This brings to mine a very pagan and extremely fantasia party given for The Kinks at L'Etoile in 1971. It was one of the best catered and most enjoyable partys I have ever had the honour to attend! And let me tell you I have been to many a wild party my dears! It was a Royal Bash! Talk about paganism!!! Pagan Rome nor Fillini had nothing up on this party! I shall never forget it! The wine, champagne and mixed drinks flowed like the never ending falls of Niagra!!! The food was some of the most delicious and scrumptious I have ever tasted. And it was *hot*. Now I stress *hot* because it is a complete drag to go to any party and find the food cold. But not at this party! The food was kept *hot* throughout the entire gala, pagan, drag queened and star studded event! Speaking of studs a nice little memorable incident happened between Dave Davies, (Lead guitarist and brother to lead singer of the Kinks Ray Davies.), and me. I was in full drag at the time and the incident is quite funny. But first I shall go on a bit more about the rave up party itself, and get back to Dave later! But the incident concerned hot meat balls. Now, back to la party.

If only more partys could be as wild and equally as nice at the same time, as this one was! Everyone was arrayed in all their radiant glory. Scarlet women and painted men wandered throughout, farout, about and without!!! Kinks' songs, especially "Lola", blasted out from the dark, crowded sweating, and sweltering dance floor. "Lola", will to down in the annals of Rock history (I guess you have noticed that I always capitalize Rock, because to me Rock is like God.) as a landmark on songs concerning transsexualism. With such stunning lyrics as "Girls will be boys and boys will be girls," it is a song that will be long remembered as a stepping stone and pacesetter for the coming world of erotic and trysexual lifestyles! And this was certainly the party to witness it!!!

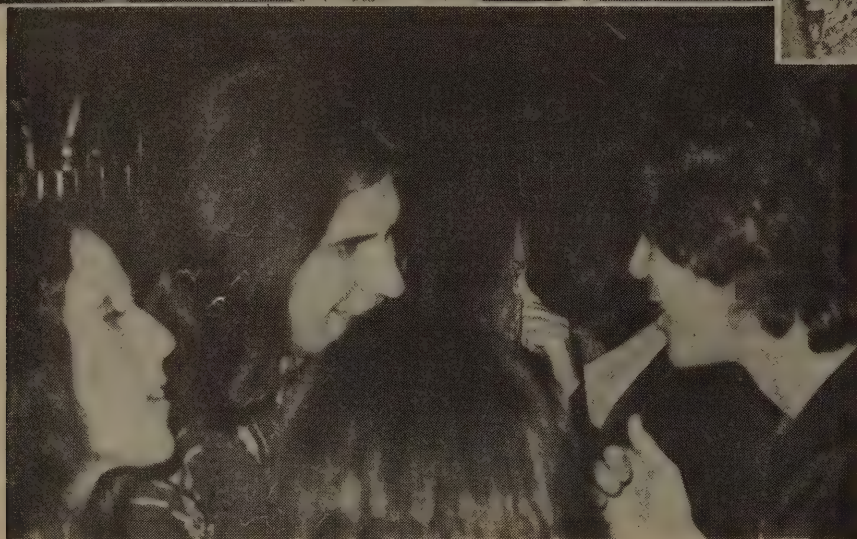
Like gazing into a crystal ball into the wasted, washed out fab gear future, I felt as if I were at an ancient Roman orgy and I was the Queen Of Sheeba!!! And everyone had come to pay homage to members of our diety, LA RAVE UP KINKS!!! I was in full drag, wearing a green and purple wig, black hose with a pink and rinestone studded bathrobe with 1950's spike heels, carrying my fave purse, a metal lunch box with "Campus Queen", written across the top with a real Homecoming Queen painted gayly on the front. I always wanted to be Homecoming Queen ... I was such an unlucky little girl.

The party was endless and the guests were arriving a dime a dozen. Such Underground stars as Gerry Miller who started in Andy Warhol's "Flesh", Everyone agreed that she was brilliant as a fabulous, trashy, lowlife, always naked whore. And alot of people outside of New York City thought she was black, when in real life she is actually Jewish!!! Anyway she also co stared in Warhol's "Trash", and was a standout along side the other



stars such as Jane Fourth and Joe Dellisandro. But everyone what has seen "Trash", agress that the FABULOUS and forever beautiful Holly Woodlawn was the real star of the show. She stole every single second and put all the others to absolute shame. She is a true Goddess

in the true Hollywood tradition. And in real life Holly Woodlawn is a fabulous person as well. And when she arrived at this party of the year, she was immediately surrounded by worshipping fans. She added just the right touch of glamour to this meeting place and coming



together of New York City's Underground, aboveground and social elite.

Now to get to the incident that happened between Dave Davies and me. Dave was helping himself quite freely to the drinks, when I happened to notice that he was having a bit of trouble finding a fork to eat his delicious, *hot* food with. So I of course being the little housewife (Sharon) that I am sometimes, quickly found him a dirty one that I found on the floor in the women's rest room. I wiped it off with the ripped hem of my pink bathrobe and stumbled my way across the slippery, wet floor, which was ankle deep in sloshed cocktails, and an assortment of unmatched shoes. And lying right dab in the middle of this human turmoil and gay festivities was no other than famous underground artiste and model, Via Valentina!!! So help me God, if it hadn't been for Via lying in the middle of the ankle deep slush, sopping it all up just like a sponge, we might have all drowned!!! Leave it to fabulous Via to always give a party just the right amount of class! This incident of course is not unusual in the outlandish and very stoned life of artiste Ms Valentina. Once at the party for David Bowie, rather megerly catered by the legendary Rock producer Ron Delsner at the upstairs room at Jimmy's that Lee Black Childers once des-

cribed as a shower room with no nozzles, Via was the highlight of the evening when she turned over a table of cold food, then lay in the middle of the floor moaning and groaning with her fingers stuck up her private part. The elegantly clad Puerto Rican waiters (Plus one Chinese cook and a West Indian bartender.) were quite amused and had quite a joyful time carrying her from the room of partly horrified, partly ultra cool, guests.

Anyway as I was saying before, I had found poor Dave a fork, and I would like to say at this point that I had no idea at all that it was Dave Davies, of la Kinks!!! You see Dave had grown a beard and I was used to seeing him with his georgeous, baby face entirely exposed. I wish I could say that I was used to seeing him exposed, period!!! Anyway I of course was as high as a kite, and of course had noticed this scrumptuous piece of rough trade milling among this sea of decadance and degeneracy, and had been very aggressively giving him the eye so to speak. So!! Anyway, I was ever so proud that I had found him a fork!!! So I also thought that it might be a nice gesture to offer him some of the fabulous hot meatballs being served, so I picked up a nice big hot plate full and strutted across the room straight at him clutching my fork happily in one hand and balancing the plate of hot meatballs in the other. Well

as I sashayed toward him, he looked up at me quite horrified just as I stumbled and triped over living (?) sponge Via Valentina sending the plate of hot meatballs smashing right into his lap!! Well needless to say most of the jaded guests around us were laughing up a hoot, but poor Dave was not smiling!!! I was so stuned and horrified that I immediately ran over to him with a pile of Bounty paper towels, and started very apologetically wiping his runny, sticky and meaty crotch off with one hand and grabbing his hot meatballs with the other, throwing them to a nearby Table and occasionally hitting a guest or two with a couple of lucky shots. It was shortly after this very embarrassing incident that Gerry Miller in her Sheena Queen of The Jungle, ripped chamois dress, told me that it was Dave Davies of la Kinks!!! You can just imagine how I felt!!!

Toward the end of this wild affair The Cockettes who had had a performance that night began to descend upon the party like vultures circling over a three day old dead Zebra. Things absolutely turned into sheer scandalous, madness!!! Most of the conservative business men of the Rock world had left long ago, not being able to handle such a state of madcapness. Well needless to say this Roman orgy had turned into both Babylon and Sodom and Gomorah combined and the entire scandalous affair began to crumble and the walls began to come tumblin' down!!!!!!!

This will certainly go down in Rock history as one of the most wildest and best catered, decadant affairs New York City has ever seen!!! The star studded guests alone would be enough to gag the average groupie!!! I couldn't even begin to remember even half of the famous people that attended! You were just liable to run into absolutely anyone in the whole world!!!! And the guests attending will be eternally grateful to the most gracious of hosts and giver of this wild, extravagant, scandalous, scene of New York City, decadance, no other than famous Rock writer and editor, LASA ROBINSON!!!!!!! Bravo, Lisa!!! May all your



partys be as fab as this one was!!! I would also like to add that it was Lisa who introduced me to Ray Davies himself! What a thrilling experience, for he is a perfect delight. One of the most charming persons I have ever had the pleasure to meet. That cute grin of his is enough to make any young Southern belle such as I blush with excitement!!! Sexy! Sexy!! Sexxy!!!

Well, now, after a party such as this I of course just had to catch La Rave Kinks in action at their legendary 1971 Carnegie Hall appearance! I remember thinking to myself, "How in Heaven's name will they ever be able to top that party?" Well leave it to La Rave Up Kinks! I just want to say that they were an absolute smash! They never sounded so good and they all looked their very finest!!! I attended the concert with Cyrinda Foxx (There I go name dropping again!) model and girlfriend to David Doll. Cyrinda looked stunning in all her finest Marilyn Monroe glory! A lot to the younger hippy types were really knocked out by her and were shouting such cute little tib bits as, "Hoorah for Hollywood." and "Marlyn, you've come back!" Cyrinda was really getting off on all the attention and bumped and grinded her way back and fourth from her seat to the bar throughout the entire performance!!! She's a star all la waytra!!! I was also arrayed in all my radiant glory. Now there I

go talking about myself again!!! I was wearing a fab dress that I had made from an old pair of yellow curtains that I had picked up in a thrift shop and a pale pink and yellow wig.

Gerry Miller was there in her dress. The Sheena Queen of The Jungle number. A friend of mine by the name of Susanne Smith was just telling me the other day, that she saw Gerry at a party and she was wearing the same dress!!! Susanne being quite a campy woman for her age, made the remark, "Styles come and they go. The hem lines go up and down, but it sure doesn't matter to Gerry. She has her dress and she is gonna wear it!!!" Camp on Susanne, camp on! At least she was wearing something, even if it is the size of a dish rag!!!

Well the Kinks' concert was attended by a grand host of celebs and all of their faithful, and devoted fans. The ailes were never clear for a moment as Kinks fans surged forward trying desperately to get just a little closer to their idols. The bar scene that took place right before the fabulous concert was a hoot. That's one of the best things about Carnegie Hall, they have their own bar. That way everyone can really get loaded before each concert, and I was thrilled to see one of my fave actors, Allen Bates sopping his share up along with the rest of us! Everyone got a chance to gaze at their



fave personalities and mingle in and out checking out who was wearing what and who was with whom! Some of the combinations were just not to be believed. Some were even wearing Kinks buttons and lying in certain corners of the bar with their drinks in hand, or spread out around them. Some were even so thrilled about this lovely bar scene that they remained there throughout the entire performance!!! Well, as my Grandmother says, "One drink is too many and a thousand ain't enough."

Well after the exciting performance Cyrinda and I of course scurried backstage to check out the action and to say hellow to the boys and tell them how much we enjoyed the show. Backstage The Kinks were really hooting it up. Screaming, yelling, drinking and being happy little darlings. I greeted Ray with a big kiss and everyone seemed to be in a very merry and jolly way. Someone was banging away on a piano, and The Kinks' brass section were amusing themselves by singing old English marching songs. Everyone was having a real rave up!

I would like to say that this Kinks concert was one of their very finest! Ray is one of the best lead singers and all round Rock performers that we have!! He was simply stunning and he never loses his fantasia stage presence for one split second!!! Rave on Ray!!

(continued on page 52)



There exists in Britain the expression: "A Greasy Spoon". Actually it's more than an expression - it's a chemical catalyst that has worked and wormed its way through the bodies of British rock and roll artists for more than two decades. Result? The finest rock and roll on earth.

You can go stuff your soul food and hamburgers, for if there was ever fodder

The Blue Boar was simply a collection of concrete boxes strewn either side of the Motorway where you could stop and take a leak, buy a paper and ciggies, rest up for a while, and also eat!

Now when The Blue Boar was finally completed, and luxuries like self-flushing toilets and coke machines had been installed, the first of a rash of strange travellers began to wend their way out of

*Egg, sausage, beans and chips
Egg, bacon, sausage, beans and chips
Egg, fried tomatoes, bacon, sausage,
beans and chips
Chips and beans
Chips and egg
Chips sausage and egg.
Tea or coffee. Buttered bread, extra.*

Now looking at this menu you'll

FUNK And FOOD

A Gourmet's Guide To British Rock And Roll

By Roy Hollingworth

(with French Fries on the side)

for funk (so to speak) it was, and is, "The Greasy Spoon". Robert Plant, Rod Stewart, and Joe Cocker were weaned on greasy spoons, as were most British kids during the late 50's and 60s. The "Greasy Spoon" developed an abdominal tract second only in sophistication to that of a pedigree goat. The story goes a little something like this.

During the late 50s and 60s they built a three-lane highway from London, heading up North. Until then the road had been a curling, winding affair that hadn't changed much since dear Queen Victoria was on the throne. In fact it hadn't changed much since the Roman Conquest.

But engineers deemed it fit to connect London and The North with a concrete "Hot Line", and it was to be called The M.1 (Motorway One). And on the M.1 they built a gas station - cum restaurant - cum hang-out, to break up the trip. It was called The Blue Boar.

It was all yer Rod Stewarts and Joe Cockers ever ate. There were "Greasy Spoon" stops throughout Britain, but the most infamous was The Blue Boar. Ask any, and I mean any, British musician about The Blue Boar, and he'll most certainly pale, sink into a chair, and stare like a lunatic into space. Why? What happened at The Blue Boar, what was the "Greasy Spoon Job"? You will ask him these questions, and then he'll sit upright, and laugh, as though some trauma had passed. And he'll say: "Oh the old Blue Boar, the dear old fucking Blue Boar!"

London on this fresh, fast road. They travelled in Ford Transit trucks filled with guitars and amplifiers, and their destinations were Derby, Sheffield, Leicester, Nottingham and Leeds. Or Bradford, Newcastle, and over the border in to Scotland. They were rock and roll bands, and on a Saturday afternoon upwards towards 20 of them would hurtle out of London, aiming for the heavily populated North.

And the first stop UP NORTH was The Blue Boar, and on their ways back in the wee hours before dawn, the last stop was The Blue Boar. Oh, such nights did that sickly concrete village see. Such strange people falling in; half drunk, or half asleep; or well stoned, with hair down to their shoulders, eyes like chick peas in pea soup. They would stumble out of a truck that looked as though it had just driven via Alaska - non-stop. Pirates of the road.

These were times before these artists travelled in limousines. They travelled en-bloc, road crew and band in one truck-like portable zoos, or a circus on wheels. And when they hit The Blue Boar, they headed straight for the counter - and a "Greasy Spoon".

The Blue Boar, Watford Gap, M.1,
Northamptonshire.
Menu

*Egg and chips (chips are French fries)
Egg, sausage and chips*

probably say there's nothing wrong with it. I mean, like all English food, it's simple, solid and healthy. But ... but ... it was what they DID to it. It was (choke) what they DID to it. Somebody, somewhere in the back kitchen put all these things together and created a mutant food.

And this was the staple diet of young, struggling Rod Stewart, Robert Plant, Joe Cocker, Georgie Fame, Elton John, Mick Jagger, Pink Floyd ... It was "The Greasy Spoon".

To really get into this "fry-up" I stick solidly to the original recipe.

ROCK RECIPE NO.1: "Greasy Spoon a la 'Blue Boar"

*One egg
Two rashers of fatty Canadian or imported English bacon
One imported English pork sausage (fatty)
One potatoe
One can Heinz beans
One pound of lard, goose-fat or axle grease
Malice*

Cut the potatoe into chips. Open the can of beans. Take one large frying pan and melt lard or fat until at least two inches deep. Throw in bacon, sausage, chips, and crack egg into remaining

space. Put beans in pan and simmer. Cook everything until medium rare. Drain off grease and fat into beans, and pour beans over main ingredients. Put aside on shelf until meal is half-solidified. Serve.

Observe pimples and blemishes appearing on face and back. If pancreas begins to swell, drink water and call for doctor. But the final result should produce a "hard rocking" of the body.

Yes, this was the cuisine of 60s British Rock. A "Greasy Spoon" eaten at 6 p.m., and washed back with six pints of beer on arrival at the gig produced energy comparable to that of an ape in heat.

There were variations on the "Greasy Spoon" theme, of course.

ROCK RECIPE NO.2: "The Bacon Buttie".

*Two slices of white bread
Three rashers fatty Canadian or English bacon
One pound lard, or goose fat, or axle grease
Imported English "H.P. Sauce" (but "A.I." will do)
Six bottles "Worthington 'E' " beer
One joint. (pref. grass)*

Take the bacon and shove it into the molten grease until medium rare. Take out. Then plunge one slice of the bread into grease until all grease is soaked up. Place bacon between bread, pour on brown sauce. Drink four beers; smoke joint. Wait. Body begins to "roll".

This, as you will notice, is a less complicated dish, but guaranteed to deliver a grease octane of 85 proof. Ideal for a mid-gig snack, and you can be sure of a fine set of spots and debauched looking rashes before morning. Also gives fingers a superlative greasy residue - ideal for hot licking lead guitarists.

The Blue Boar thrived, and so did the music. At three in the morning, with the tiled floor coated in half an inch of grease and cigarette butts, musicians slumped into sticky chairs and thought up masterpieces. "Dark Side of the Moon" was maybe originally conceived here. At any one time there would be four name bands chugging down tea and bacon butties. Ah, such poetry.

Behind the aluminum counters stood sullen, fat ladies, sentenced to spend their lives amid grease. They would pump out coffee or tea, and you didn't need to look carefully to see the huge islands of curdling grease floating on top of the milk. But some of them were jolly women - who kept a bottle of something under the counter - and they would run their hands through your hair, and pat you on the cheek. And say: "Eeeee, yer do look luvvly". And that pat on the cheek was

already glistening, and your hair fell lank ... with the grease.

ROCK RECIPE NO.3: (For advanced eaters only)

"The Egg Buttie"

*One egg
Two slices white bread
Three spoonfuls of butter
One half-pound lard, goose fat or axle grease
Case of Worthington 'E' beer
One bottle Bushmills Irish whiskey
Two joints (pref. hash)
One pair of rubber gloves
One lemon.*

First off, smoke the joints. Break egg into molten grease, and at same time fry one piece of bread along with egg. Soak remaining piece of bread in the hot grease, and then spread butter thickly over it. Place egg on top, and place the fried bread over to form the "buttie" or sandwich. Put on rubber gloves and eat. Lie down. Drink case of beer, with the Irish.

This "advanced" or "heavy" sandwich (or "buttie") relaxes both the brain and body, but acids forming and struggling in the stomach can lead to hallucinatory reactions. Makes body rock, roll, and "think." Also believed to be addictive.

Will Elton, nibbling on his lemon sole, or Rod, idling over a lobster remember those days. I'll bet you that once those bloody cameras have stopped clicking they'll be in the back room for a "fry-up".

The Blue Boar at four in the morning. "How was Leicester?" "Fuckin' awful, I think the fuckin' audience were a load of fuckin' stiffs. How did you go down? Didn't even fuckin' get there, the fuckin' truck broke down just outside Sheffield. Can you pass the sauce? Ta. Give us another tea love. What is this, bacon or fuckin' rubber. We'll 'ave to fix that P.A. Stan. Where's Charlie? He went to check the oil. He could drain the stuff off this plate if we're low ..."

ROCK RECIPE No.4: "The Chip Buttie avec Egg"

This is a MUST for the avante - garde - progressive - ultra - mind - blowing - incredible - rock freak, or artist.

*Four thickly cut chips (french fried)
One egg
Two slices white bread
Four spoonfuls butter
One pound lard or goose-fat
I bottle Remy Martin cognac
Two bottles Don Perignon champagne
One case Lowenbrau beer
I gram cocaine
One stage
Half-teaspoon of salt
Ketchup*

By the thime you get around to making this little baby, your head is already making contact with the cosmos - because you should have done the case of beer and joints by now. First try and recognize the egg. It's the egg-shaped thing; if you're lucky it might be brown, but they're usually white these days. Crack it into the boiling goose-fat you put into the pan before you had that last beer. Watch egg wriggle and curl as it fries. Then throw in chips and smell the grease and potatoe and egg getting fatty and oily, and smelling like a woman in sweat. Yeah, right on! Unleash one slice of bread into the pan, and watch it sizzle, frizzle. Take the remaining slice, and slowly and seductively spread butter thickly upon it.

Tip the chips onto the buttered slice and watch them turn the butter runny. Place the egg on top. Take out the fried bread, making sure it is soggy, and place on top of egg to form the sandwich - press down until egg-yolk bursts, and spills out, running slowly, bright yellow out of the sandwich. This is greasyspoonarama! Do the coke, and watch the sandwich.

Now if you're really into the "Decedance bit" try this:

ROCK RECIPE No.5: "Banger Between Sheets".

"Banger" is simply English slang for sausage, and two pieces of white bread represent, to the Englishman, "sheets".

*One pound English pork sausage
Two slices thickly cut white bread
One case Imported Newcastle Brown Ale
One bottle "H.P. Sauce" ("A.I." will suffice for semi-pros)
Five spoonfuls of butter
One pound lard or goose-fat
Hot English mustard (available at Bloomingdales)
Two grams cocaine
16-track recording studio*

Take the 16-track recording studio and look at it. Open the case of Newcastle Brown, and drink. Wake up next morning, take the sausages and prick with fork (to stop burstage during fry). Launch them into the bubbling fat. Spread both slices of bread with butter until half-inch thick on each.

Take out the sausages, and place neatly between the "Sheets", and press down until butter oozes out. Wear rubber gloves and rubber apron for eating. Get into it.

Drool, yes drool over it. I've seen musicians sat hunched over their butties at The Blue Boar, just staring in disbelief at the creature lying on their plate. Ah, "The Greasy Spoon." □

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THE VELVET UNDERGROUND:

A Skin-Deep View

By Lance Loud

Right from the start, Lou's first band was labeled a 'non-stop horror show', a 'three ring psychosis' and a 'sado-masochistic frenzy'. They were rebels, their cause was the musical documentation of the 60's American Pop era. Their style and method of getting this message across knocked the wind out of a lot of people. 'Not since the Titanic ran into that iceberg,' quivered a reporter for the Los Angeles Times, 'has there been such a collision.' All of this was in an attempt to describe the three men and a girl that Lou had formed to play his songs. They were named after a tawdry porno book. The Velvet Underground.

Most people believe that the Velvet Underground were some creation of Andy Warhol. It is true that the Velvets DID become famous during their stint, in the mid sixties, with Andy's traveling disco/happening/pop art circus: The Exploding Plastic Inevitable, but the music that the Velvets played, like 'Heroin' (the smackers national anthem) 'Venus In Furs' (fetishistic S&M sex) or 'I'm Wait-

ing For My Man' (pusher oh pusher, where fore art thou?) was all a creation of Lou Reed and his Velvet band long before Andy caught up with them. They were the natural house band for the American Amphetamine A Go Go scene. Lou liked to say that both he and Andy were very much alike in purpose but Andy dealt with Art while Lou made his statements with music.

Lou Reed was nearest to being the center of the group. He wrote most of the songs and played a tremendously chaotic lead guitar, slashing his pick over the steel strings as if he were flailing a razor blade over his wrist. John Cale was his close friend and co-member. From Wales, John was well versed in bass, piano and an electric viola — something that had not been used in rock before and gave a fuzzy whining effect. Sterling Morrison was the solid, down to earth rhythm guitarist whose job it was to keep everyone within the brackets of the basic songs and Maureen Tucker (Moe, to her friends) was the female drummer who

played with kettle drum mallets, standing behind the drum set like in an Orchestra, all the time staring hypnotically at Lou. You woulda thought he was Charles Manson by the way she looked at him.

They were a product of the Pop culture that was, at that time, the rage in America. A time when soup cans were art and 'the mod look' (remember Peggy Moffitt?) was fashion. Drugs played a heavy part in their music too, just as they were then, quite the 'in' thing to live on and die from. The Velvets inadvertently created a whole style of music to help convey the mood of the times. This style was knighted by one rock critic as 'Heavy Metal' ... the title stuck. People like David Bowie, Roxy Music, Blue Oyster Cult, Sparks, have all tried to dabble in a bit of the electrically elegant agony that the Velvets first brought into being, but it was the Velvets who always did it first, and best.

Heavy Metal was the resulting thunder from a mixture of energy, frustration, pills, electric guitars and a rage to live ...





not just the *will*, but the raw RAGE! There was a natural brutality that the Velvets spawned in their music. It did not care about the listener, it was there for its

own sake, no matter what you thought or cared. At the same time, the Velvets brand of Heavy Metal had a way of making their impact on the listener as personal and stunning as a hard, back handed slap across your face. It was music to dance by or die by, your choice: One thing was for sure though, they would NEVER play Caesars Palace.

The Velvet Underground was one of my reasons for living. Being a teen in California was plain getting me down. I was born there, and raised there but, I *knew* that I wasn't meant to be alive there! I felt like I was just hanging around until the scene changed and I could get out. I could think of nothing more thrilling than to cut school for half days and listen to the Velvets.

To me, that band was like a bunch of harpies calling to me off in the distance. I wasn't hoping for a safe landing if I could ever really follow them to where they were calling from. The way I understood their song, half the fun of living was dying — dynamically of course! With pavement below your feet, ravaged and wasted. I listened to their records over and over again, close closer, trying to hear and pick of every possible innuendo. I was taking direction from every note that they played.

Nico, the icy blond billed as 'chanteuse' on their very first album, was never really part of the group; only singing a couple of songs because Andy thought it would be nice to have a girl up there to sing a little too. On that first album she sang 'Femme Fatale' and split everyone's hearts with her low, lonely voice. Everything you could do on a gloomy, barren moor, you could do on Nico's voice. The rest of the album with 'I'm Waiting For My Man' and 'Heroin' was the initial blockbuster. I could never play it if my parents were around. After a long wait, they finally released their second album and I was sure then that their first had not been a fluke.

'White Light/White Heat' was its name, it sounded like it had been recorded on a cassette machine at the far end of a gym as the Velvets played through two garbage trucks full of amplifiers and feed back. It sounded racy and unpredictable, the element of chance that your record player may blow up the next time you were half way through the record. The title song 'White Light/White Heat' was a love song to methadrine, a space shot in itself. Then there is the monodogzilla perverse epic 'Sister Ray'. Whatta crusher! I used to put it on, over and over again, just to get off on the final amplifier hum that comes at the end of the 19 minute saga. It was shades of Pop Opera in that tune-New York decadent style (Tommy could have learned a few things) complete with sucking drag queens, a murdered sailor, Lou frantically 'searchin' for my mainline', and then further blemishing his reputation by suddenly moaning out 'whip it on me Jim, whip it on me Jim, whip it on me Jim' as he whanks away on his guitar, it was surely food for thought in those moments when the mind strays

into moister bodily zones.

'The Gift' is a poem that John Cale reads over a slithery instrumental. The Velvets recorded it so that on one speaker you could only hear the music and on the other you could hear the story. If people got bored with hearing the story again, they could switch it off and listen to the music. It is a tale of a boy and girl separated by lack of funds. The boy begins to worry about her and mails himself to her in a box. The box gets delivered to her and she just can *not* imagine what is in it. Being inept, she also can't get it open and has to get a pair of card board cutters, plunging them 'through the cardboard, through the cushioning and (at this point you can hear a knife whack through something) RIGHT through the center of Waldo Jeffers head!' In my High School drama class I gave this as my recitation at the end of the year exams. Everyone else was doing bits from Shakespeare, it was all dead, so I thought this would spice it up a little. I snuck a large butcher knife in my jacket, to class, producing it at the crucial moment, whacking it through a tomatoe I had placed on the chair next to where the Creepiest Girl in Class was sitting. This flash action had the desired effect on the rest of the class members who were, as usual, in several states of unconsciousness. The Creepiest Girl barked with fright (now I knew which end of the leash she was on), everyone else donated - at the very least - one gasp apiece, (if not a total array of hands thrown over gaping mouths) and eyes wide-as-saucers! I still got a lowgrade though, because I had used an unscheduled 'prop' and because that prop had made a gash in the chair that the PTA had given my drama teacher.

The next album 'The Velvet Underground' introduced Doug Yule. John Cale was now gone, leaving over some dispute with L. Reed. Doug looked like Lou's younger brother and acted like a rock and roll Eve Harrington ('All About Eve'). Yes friends, seemed like Lou slowly become a jewish Bette Davis on meth crystal and lead guitar as Doug, at first bashfully playing the understudy, slowly tried to take over the show. About Eve). Yes, friends, it seemed like Lou might slowly become a jewish Bette Davis on meth crystal and lead guitar as Doug, at first bashfully playing the understudy, slowly tried to take over the show.

When I first heard that it was released, I was walking with several friends through the high school ground on my way to a class when someone came up and gave me the news. If I had been wearing a wig, I would have flipped it right then and there!!! I threw my books up in the air and ran right out of the grounds to the nearest record shop in hopes that it might be easy to ... ahh, shall we say, *lift*? It wasn't. Still I did buy it later that afternoon ('Please Dad, I have GOT to have 6 dollars to buy a new pair of gym shorts!') By that evening, I was crushed. It was a real blah album. I played it and it grew on me because it had to, haven't you felt like

that? It was the only new thing of theirs around. Ho-hum it made me feel down in the mouth but I did not let it completely dull my pickle. I was in love with this band FOREVER!

In 1969 the Velvets released their equivalent to 'Abbey Road'. It was their last studio album and their best, not quite so heavy metal this time out but it did show that the band was progressing somewhere rather than being satisfied to try and do 'White Light/White Heat' over again (which would have been a great temptation to want to stick with). The album was called 'Loaded'. Yug! I thought, what a corny title, and the drawing of the subway station on the cover was wretch-ed. What was worse was that there was no picture on the album of the band. This was probably because you couldn't get them into the same room together; at that time they were not the friendliest towards each other. It was no real secret that they were on the verge of breaking up but if they did, I figured after listening to this record, this album was a beautiful last note.

"Do the DOOOG!!!" Lou shrieks in the first song on side two. This bo' means it, too!! This album is all wall to wall danceable. It is the type of album that, next to the song titles should be the suggested dance style. Like, "Here Comes The Song" ... Hully Gully, this album sets your barkers a burnin'! It is also the album where the Velvets attempted to harness the raw unruly electric energy and formulate it into something new. That's right, now that they had done Heavy Metal they were out to start something new again ... this was even before *so called* 'heavy metal groups' like Black Sabbath had really caught on to the action (that is not saying that when they did, they did it right). On "Loaded" the Velvets expanded their views of the city too. It had always been the prime topic of their music, but now they went beyond drugs and drag queens, they were 'jes plain city boys' singing of the bogus joys ("Head Held High") and fathomless mediocrities ("I Found a Reason", "Sweet Nothing") of city life. Sometimes they were very tongue in cheek about it all, most of the time they were just down right A GoGo!!

"Train Comin' Round the Bend" is my personal pick fave. They take the forboding whine of feed back and place it in context of the song, not letting it just screech around but really sobering it up and giving it a big role in the music. Add to this a feverish organ and a very rhythm and blues piano bit and you have: Beatles a la Americana! For you kids who never heard Lou before he boasted his yearnings to 'walk on the wildside', you should get a load of Reed in this record. He hoots and hollers and whines and complains, his vocal is street-slung slang and when he is discontent with living in the country (in 'Train, ..') he shouts out 'take me away from the country, ... I'm SICK of the trees, take me to the city, train comin' round the bend ...'. You can tell that this kid is s-i-c-k of all the Euell Gibbons naturalness. Of course, there are

many, many, many of us out there who would probably 'not get it'; why, you ask, would he want to leave the groovy country to get back into the split level bummers that line up every avenue in a bustling berg full of Pig-schmucks? It's a stone bummer, man! But wait! To some of us, this is *not* true, in fact, it is the other way around. The Velvet Underground loved the city, they ended their career with "Loaded" as a tribute to the metropolis that spawned them. It is just too teasing to think of what the Velvets could have done after this (have you ever thought about what the Beatles could have done after 'Abbey Road'?) Unfortunately Fate was lurking in the wings to give the Velvet Underground the hook!

Well, Doug wanted to *be* the Velvet Underground, Lou wanted the Velvet Underground to be Lou Reed — both these plans could not fit onto one band, there was fuming and fussing, ego was the order of the day, gritting teeth and squinty glares were frequented by everyone in the band and dusk was at hand. Lou developed a chronic case of Diana Ross-itis and so left his band to go off to become a dupe for Ziggy Stardust (or was *he* Zig all along?), Doug went on to cut his own album under the name of the Velvet Underground but it was only released in England because: 1. It was so very bad. 2. It wasn't the Velvets at all. Maureen quit being the greatest rock and roll drummer ever (if those of you who love rock and roll but have never seen her only knew how great and unrelenting she was-like a pneumatic drill on 33-1/3) and went home to live with her parents and Sterling went to Texas and became an English teacher. Then there were none.

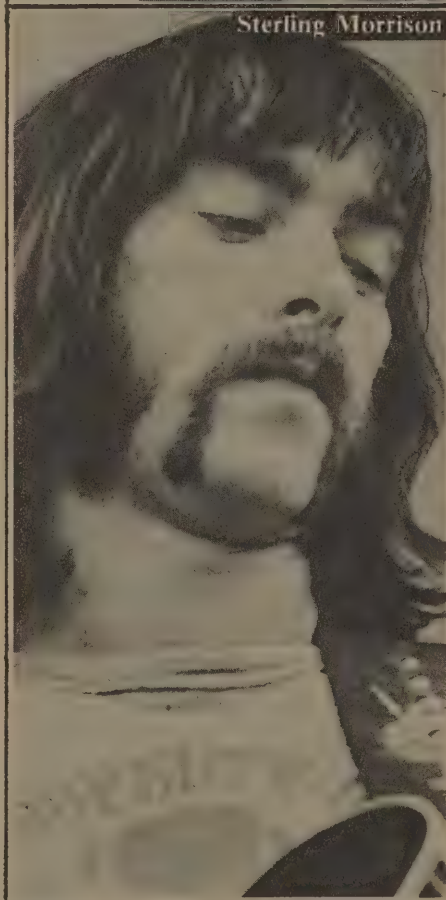
Nowadays you can't find 'Loaded' in many record stores, in fact it is almost a collectors item now because it was discontinued by the record company (Atlantic.) The album you should really get-and it is just released this year for those of you who don't like to buy OLD records - is "The Velvet Underground Live-1969". (Mercury). WOW! WOW! and SOS! This record is an emergency case of rock and roll. It is well recorded, Lou's presence is all black leather and snarl, danger runs up and down the guitar strings like quicksilver on this one. It offers a perfect look at the band when they were at their peak, the same year that they broke up.

It is a real shame that they broke up like that. Sometimes I allow myself to wax a little philosophical on the subject. Just think, I tell myself, if they didn't break up, perhaps they would have gone down hill, I mean, could even the Velvet Underground have spunked up Lou Reeds 'Berlin' — *n-o*. Many stars, from all walks of life meet tragic deaths but perhaps they were just like Cinderellas being called home at midnight — just in the nick of time before old age or past popularity set in. Can you imagine if the Velvets stayed together *1000* long and eventually came out with things that no one would be able to accept as being The Velvets? I can just see some wretched titles like: The Velvet Underground-

Doug Yule



Sterling Morrison



Mellow Moods, or 'Transcendental Velvet' ... thank God they left us with their polaroid picture of perversion. I rest my case. □

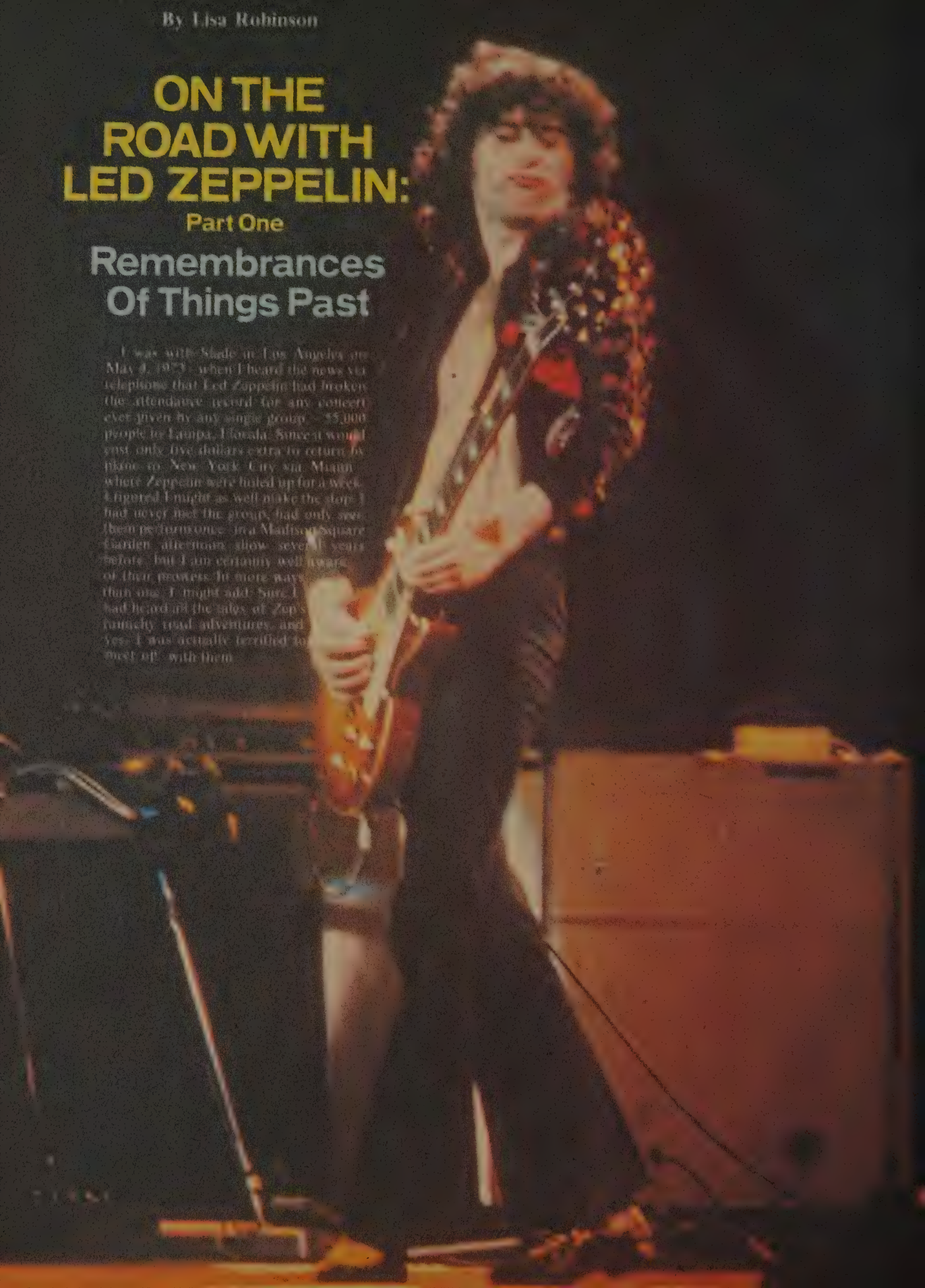
By Lisa Robinson

ON THE ROAD WITH LED ZEPPELIN:

Part One

Remembrances Of Things Past

I was with Shade in Los Angeles on May 9, 1973, when I heard the news via telephone that Led Zeppefin had broken the attendance record for any concert ever given by any single group—55,000 people in Tampa, Florida. Since it would cost only five dollars extra to return by plane to New York City via Miami, where Zeppefin were fueled up for a week, I figured I might as well make the stop. I had never met the group, had only seen them perform once, in a Madison Square Garden afternoon show several years before, but I am certainly well aware of their prowess in more ways than one. I might add: Sure, I had heard all the tales of Zep's raucous road adventures, and yes, I was actually terrified to meet up with them.





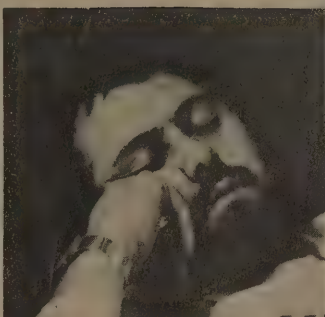
But determined as well, I was going to Get The Story (at that time for the English music weekly whose New York correspondent I was) and nothing would stand in my way.

I flew all night in an electrical storm, which did not add to my sense of well being about this trip. Arriving in Miami at 8 A.M., I drove up to the fabulously tacky Doral Hotel on Collins Avenue expecting the worst. I found out that I would be able to see the group perform that night in Jacksonville — and that having been arranged, I spent the rest of the day debating whether or not to go down to the pool and Meet the Boys. I decided against it — rather see them perform first onstage.

Jacksonville, Florida, smells like no place I had ever been before. As I exited the airplane (with then - publicist, - now Swan - Song - V.P. - Danny Goldberg), I was almost physically taken aback by the pungent aroma that comes from the nearby paper mills. We forged ahead - finding our way to the huge Coliseum where the concert was already in progress. I was introduced to Richard Cole, Zeppelin's tour manager and a man who was well preceded by his reputation. He smiled politely and shook my hand. What?, I thought, but took advantage of his allowing me to stand by the amplifiers on the side of the stage where I watched the two and a half hour show in utter amazement.

Zeppelin's music onstage is always powerful, loud, impressive - but I hadn't been prepared for how much I would actually enjoy it. At its best, the music that I would come to hear throughout this tour would be shattering, lovely - and build to climaxes that I had seen far too little of in covering rock and roll. I was impressed with Robert's performance, but simply overwhelmed at that time with Jimmy Page; something special about this one, I thought - and scribbled it somewhere on the pink Beverly Hills hotel pad I was still shlepping around.

The next day I learned that the band was curious why I was "hiding out" in my room. "Is she afraid to meet us?", they laughed and so I had to show my face at the pool. Jimmy smiled politely and remained vaguely detached. Peter Grant - Zeppelin's manager, was charming. John Bonham and John Paul Jones were not in sight. But Robert, clad only in a scanty red bikini, came over and sat down and told me how much he enjoyed reading my



columns in England. That certainly was getting things off to a good start, I thought, and we chatted a bit more about mutual British friends until I was brave enough to bring up the subject of Zeppelin's ... err, *reputation*. "Oh that stuff," Robert laughed, "listen lots of it's true - I mean when we do something, we do it bigger and better than anyone else. But I mean all that stuff about bothering that female journalist during the last tour, that's bullshit. She was coming on to us the whole time ... y'know...," he grinned. For any of you who have actually met Robert, and all of you who have seen his photos, I don't think I have to point out that this rockstar has an extremely winning way. So naturally, I believed every word he said, and came away from the meeting feeling that he was a real surprise, a real pleasant surprise.

I was scheduled to spend a few days the following week with the band in New Orleans, a town I had never been to, and do my actual Interviews with Page and Plant as well as see another concert. I really found myself looking forward to going to New Orleans, talking to them both, and seeing another show. New Orleans was everything I had ever imagined it to be and more. The limousine provided by Peter Grant that met me at the airport stopped by the Royal Orleans Hotel right in the midst of the French Quarter. There were latticed balconies, adorable little streets, and I could have sworn I even heard someone singing the blues somewhere when I arrived at midnight. It really was a cross between "Saratoga Trunk" and "Streetcar Named Desire" - and I immediately fell in love with the city. I investigated the area - New Orleans stays open all night it seems, and the most popular drink is



called a "Hurricane". Bourbon Street runs into Iberville and there's the Gateway Club where Frankie ("Sea Cruise") Ford sings nightly. There are drag clubs, broken bottles on the streets and tourist jazz joints. This is all in the French Quarter which is, mind you, only 6 by 14 blocks - but people who know say that you can spend your whole life in New Orleans without ever leaving that section. It's a wicked, sexy town - and to top it all off, Zeppelin's visit coincided with the fullmoon.

The entourage was assembled around the pool for a full day's sun. I managed to get Jimmy alone for a few hours on a rooftop observation deck and we talked. Jimmy laughed and explained why Zeppelin was doing interviews on this tour; "Nobody really knew who I was, and I thought it was time to say something. You know - the papers, especially in England often seem to wallow in rubbish, they don't want to talk about the *music*, they'd rather have orgies



on other topics. And it just got to a point where I couldn't read any of the stuff. I may be a masochist in certain regions, but I'm not about to tear myself to bits ... reading." And so we talked about the music; how "Dazed and Confused" changes every night onstage, and how Jimmy and every other member of the band for that matter wouldn't play it any more if it ever got boring for them. And we dispensed with the subject of the Yardbirds very quickly, both of us agreeing that there had been, perhaps, enough said about all that. "There were things about that band that should be known only to people who were involved in the actual situation," Jimmy said, "not for other people's ears. If there are some people who were there who want to be indiscreet, well - that's up to them."

"Sometimes I have thought it might be nice to have another guitarist onstage," Jimmy admitted at the time, "but then again, it's more of a challenge to try and work it out with what we've got in Zeppelin right now. I don't really think there's anything that we can't do amongst the four of us."

Jimmy confessed that when the group first went to Atlanta - for the first gig, he was a bit nervous; the thought of all those thousands of kids coming to see just the four of them. "But," he smiled, sipping at some ridiculous Southern fruit concoction, "at that particular gig - as well as all the others so far in fact, one has had nothing to worry about. The audiences have been giving out so much warmth that you just have to give it back to them."

Robert agreed when we spoke later. "It's like 'light a candle' - y'know? I think the kids realize that we do give so much of ourselves onstage - and so they want to give it back to us. That ability onstage to make people happy for a short time - it's not power, it's certainly nothing to do with riots or revolution. I'd just like them going away feeling satisfied ... satisfied and exhausted," he laughed.

In New Orleans Atlantic President Ahmet Ertegun had a party for the band. It was held in some funky recording studio in god knows what section of town. You had to get into a very shaky looking elevator and be pulled up by ropes to get to the room where Mardi Gras Indians were already dancing paradestyle in their feathers and glitter. (Imagine twenty Dr. Johns ... and that's what it was like, all led by an old colored man in a full dress suit, top hat and cane.) Real down-home food was served, ribs, corn bread - the whole number. Zeppelin loved it, especially when such legendary New Orleans musicians like Ernie K. Doe, Professor Longhair and the Meters performed. When Atlantic Vice President Jerry Greenberg started to sit in on the drums, with Atlantic UK Chief Phil Carson doing honors on the bass and John Paul Jones playing his very best cocktail lounge organ, it was well into the early hours of the A.M. Everyone trooped out in a rather drunken state and went to the local teenage hangout - the Deja Vu, where (what else?) "The

Crunge" blasted forth from the jukebox. As we sat on a balcony, looking at the full moon and sipping tom collins, Robert said, "I like these kind of places. I like to go where kids go, ... I mean I'm a kid myself, y'know?"

It would be a few months later before I would catch up with the band again. After touring for the first four weeks, they took a one-month vacation, (returning to home and family), and then came back for the second half of the US tour. This time they would travel on their own luxurious 707 jet - the Starship, instead of the smaller plane they had utilized for the first half of the tour. They were the first rock group to use the Starship - and it was appropriately painted gold and maroon, with letters LED ZEPPELIN spelled out by the wing. The Starship could hold about 33 people inside, and many times it was full. There was a mirrored covered, combination bar-organ, a color videotape machine and television, fur covered bedspread in the bedroom, an actual fire in a small sitting room, showers ... all the comforts of home and then some.

As the huge glamorship took off from Butler Field at New York's LaGuardia Airport on its way to Pittsburgh late in July, I clutched Ahmet Ertegun's hand for moral support. "Don't worry," he said, referring to my fear of flying, and said a little Moslem prayer he swore by for takeoffs. Much Dom Perignon later but before we realized it, we were in Pittsburgh - on our way to Three Rivers Stadium where 32,000 kids waited to see Zep perform the outdoor gig. With the police escort that sirened us in limousines to and from the concert - the whole trip - from Drake Hotel on New York's East Side to Pittsburgh and back, took about 5 hours. And that's with a two and a half hour concert as well. Led Zeppelin is amazingly efficient.

Toward the end of that same week, Zeppelin would play three dates in Madison Square Garden. Of course all Zeppelin venues had been sold out well in advance, and I was excited to see what would happen with the show in my home town. The concerts were important - New York is always the big one - but also it marked the end of the tour. So, while the group was exhausted, they were still very up for the whole thing - and even were planning some extra special surprises for the last few nights.

I had never gone to a concert at the Garden with a police escort before, and it was terrific to rush through the hot Manhattan streets (and traffic) in this manner. Up the ramp to the Garden, backstage, into the dressing room - some white wine and a few backstage bits of food and then it was time for the show. As I watched what had rapidly become one of my favorite bands do their smashing (by now almost three hour) show, I paid careful attention to those faces out there that Robert had talked so lovingly about. Kids imitated Robert, singing every word

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THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

By Lenny Kaye

DAVID ESSEX

If he continues at his current rate, David Essex is likely to be the next renaissance man of rock and roll. An acknowledged film star through "That'll Be The Day" and "Stardust", a gold single recording artist (with "Rock On"), a blue-eyed romantic idol with genuinely screaming fans backed by a highly sophisticated, metronome-like band supervised by his friend and producer, Jeff Wayne, Essex appears to have the potential to go in whatever directions he pleases. He received his first break in the theatre, playing the part of Christ in the London production of "GODSPELL," is married and has a little girl. Having lived the part of Jim MacLaine once, he has no desire to repeat it again. It is Sunday Morning, shortly before Christmas, in a Park Lane hotel. The sound of Mass gently echoes over the BBC as backdrop ...

HP: So last night was the last night of the tour ... how do you think it went as compared to the rest of the five weeks?

David: It wasn't all that good, actually. Everything I've always done on the last night has been an anti-climax. You know, you want it to be so great and it never turns out to be that fabulous, probably because of the forced attitude. So it wasn't a hundred percent, but it was OK, there were a few sound problems. Also, we were making an album last night which always makes it more of a problem. You have to stand there just so and sing it right. It's like someone out there is watching you, this big eye, and you can't get on with it. It wasn't as free flowing, a bit touchy.

HP: With the *Stardust* experience in mind, how do you feel watching your fans putting you on the same pedestal? Does it affect you?

David: the only thing I can really say is that the only way to carry on is just to write your songs and get them onto records, kind of do the best that you can, in the films and whatever. It gets out of control, and all that outside stuff, of who is coming to the concerts and how they're reacting. I don't ever think about that. If I'm doing a record, the most important thing is the record I just get on with it.



The most important thing to me is the work, or the project at the time. Although the reaction is nice, it doesn't really get in the way. I know it sounds like a press release, but it really is true. I think that the only way to do it is to work from the inside, and let the outside just happen. If you worry too much, you can lose what you are actually doing.

HP: Do you think anything in your past experience has set you up to feel that way?

David: Yeah, because the first few records I made, I didn't have any say in at all, and I was sort of pushed into recording other people's songs. I didn't identify with them or see much point in doing them, but when you've got no money and no position, you can't really stand up and say, hey, I don't want to do that. You've got no track record, you can't make a stand. So that made me realize that whatever was going to happen was going to have to come from me, first and foremost. And *Godspell* sort of consolidated that because the show did come from the cast. The Jesus character came from me, and if ninety year old jazz musicians are in the audience or fifteen year old girls, that's really out of my control. I have never directed myself in any special area, except for the things I've wanted to do. And that's the truth, because the first few experiences being so bad shaped the rest. I just think you really have to be committed to what you're doing and just do it.

HP: You mentioned *Godspell* ... how did the exact transition come about between the play and what you're doing today?

David: Well, what happened is that I was doing *Godspell* and it was really quite successful. People were impressed with my performance, and wanted to have me do other stuff, so they sent over scripts and the one I really liked was *That'll Be The Day*. There was no money involved, just the idea of doing a document of the fifties in England sounded interesting. And the character in the film is really a bastard, and I wasn't used to playing that after Jesus, who is sort of a nice guy. So I just went and convinced the producers and directors that I was nasty. They didn't believe me but I tested and acted real nasty, and I got it. It was conceived as a two film subject, so we had to see how the first film did before we went on and did the next one.

HP: Do you think it was modelled on any of those British pop films of the early sixties?

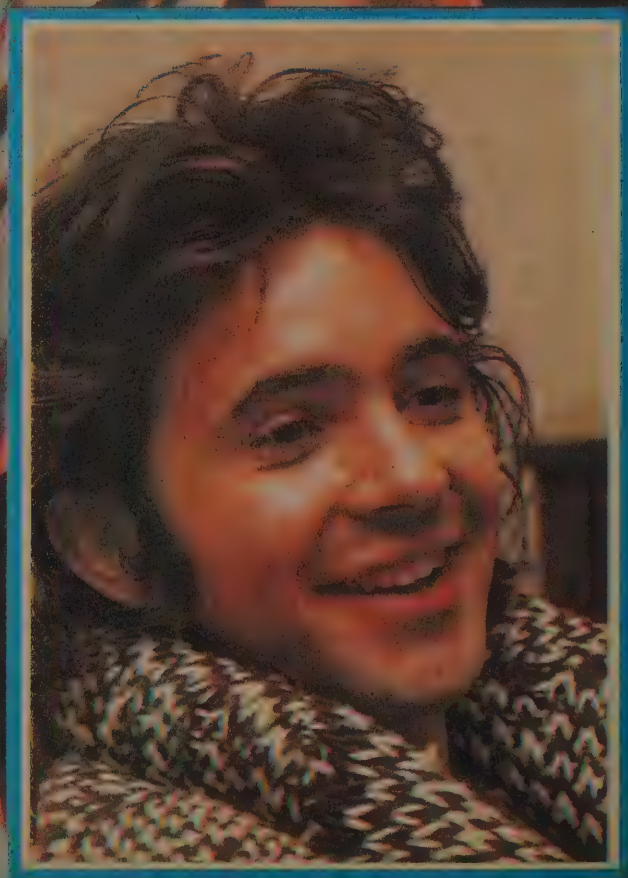
David: No, I don't think so. I think *That'll Be The Day* is much more authentic. I mean, I liked them and all, but this works better.

HP: What kind of background do you come from? Did it have anything to do with your attraction to music?

David: I came from the East End, which I guess is sort of like coming from an American ghetto, not to romanticize it, but it's hard to get out. One of the ways was looking like it might be music. Like the working class hero syndrome. I could have been a gangster or a boxer but I really wasn't into that. I was really struck by the music at an early age. I used to go

Neal Preston





on adventures to Soho when I was like thirteen, stay out all night, you know how the story goes ... I went to a club and they were playing American R&B and I decided I wanted to be a musician. It happens all the time. And then I was left with a choice, well, what do I play? The most instinctive thing for me, where you get an immediate reaction, is drums, you don't have to learn a chord pattern. So that was it. It was probably a need to escape and a need of respect too. It sounds dramatic but I suppose that's the way I felt at the time, plus the fact that I did like music.

HP: Did you ever take any formal acting lessons?

David: No, not really. But the thing that was really helpful for me was working in repertory. It's like American stock theatre. I got a job with one of the more progressive companies and I did that for about two years. I was lucky because I could learn in front of the audience, which was great for me and not so great for them. (laughs)

HP: What kind of parts did you like to play?

David: You know *The Fantasticks*? Well, since the show is sort of wandering minstrel, we did a clown troubador version of it, with no sets - it was like the forerunner of *Godspell* in its attitude. And we did straight pieces too, rubbish but good to do from an actor's point of view. All those different lines and characters, accents ...

HP: Do you find any conflict between your roles as an actor and a musician?

David: Yeah, because they are both very time-consuming. But I always feel like a musician, and that comes first, and writing.

HP: Do you ever find yourself using tricks of the acting trade while on stage, are you consciously aware of that end of it?

David: What I try to do is create atmosphere. Like on record Jeff and I always, even if the notes are a bit off, we try to work in a kind of menace and sense of humor, that's the quality we're trying to get. Just so the record has a smell about it. That's what's important for us. And in the stage show, I just try to extend that. I didn't consciously try to do a piece of theatre with the music, because I didn't think the time was right for me to do that. It's bad enough doing a first tour without coming up with a spectacular. Probably the next tour will be more of a fusion between the two. But really the only kind of conscious fusion we have is some kind of atmospheric quality.

HP: Have you seen any of the other theatrically-oriented performers, say, like David Bowie?

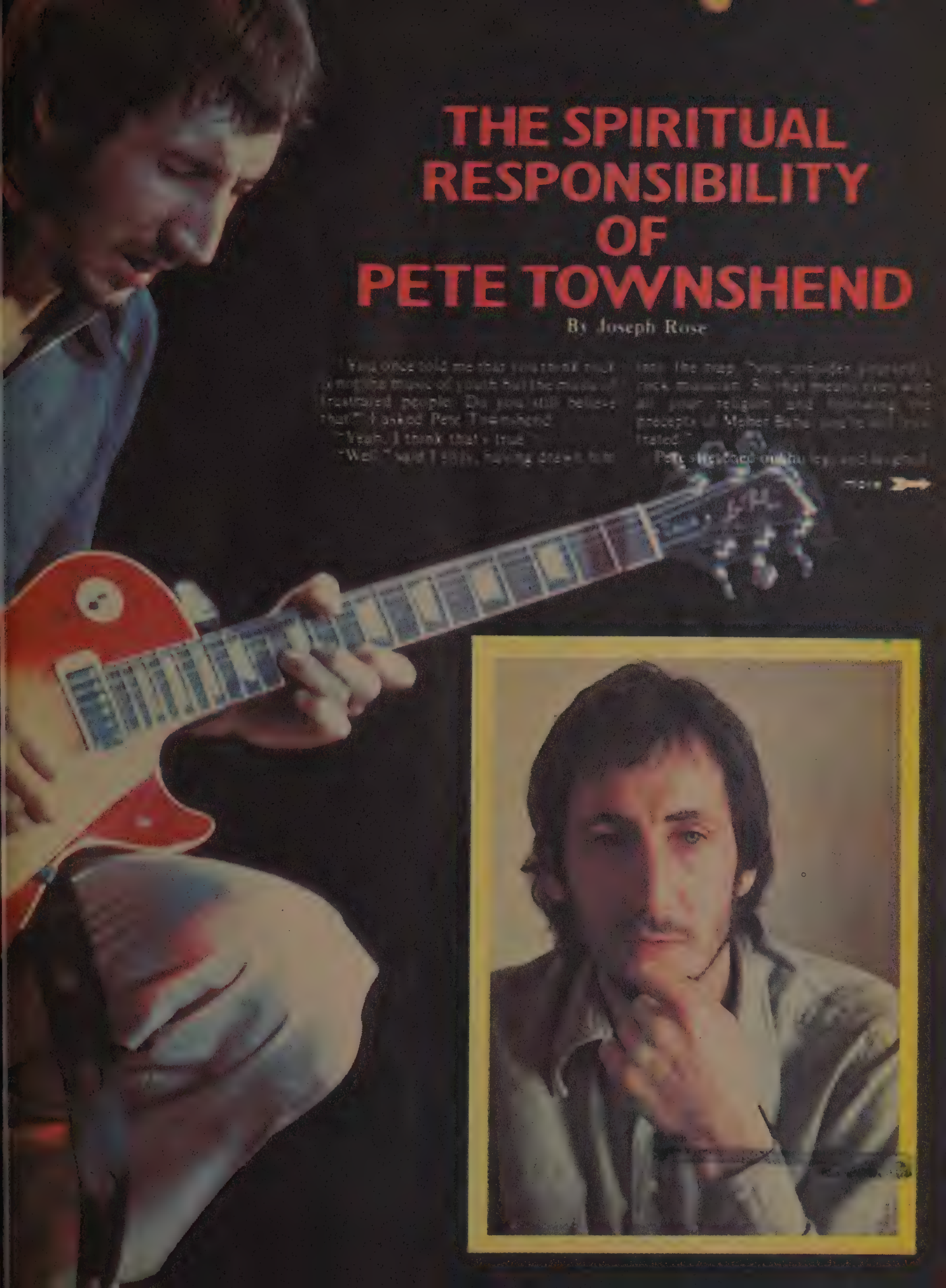
David: I've never seen him. He's an old friend of mine and I really should go, I suppose, but I tend not to go to see people. There is either a problem getting tickets or getting around to it, or whatever. I suppose it's good in a way because you're not really influenced by anybody. At least they can't accuse me of

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Michael Putland







THE SPIRITUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF PETE TOWNSHEND

By Joseph Rose

You once told me that you think rock
is for the music of youth but the music of
frustrated people. Do you still believe
that? I asked Pete Townshend.

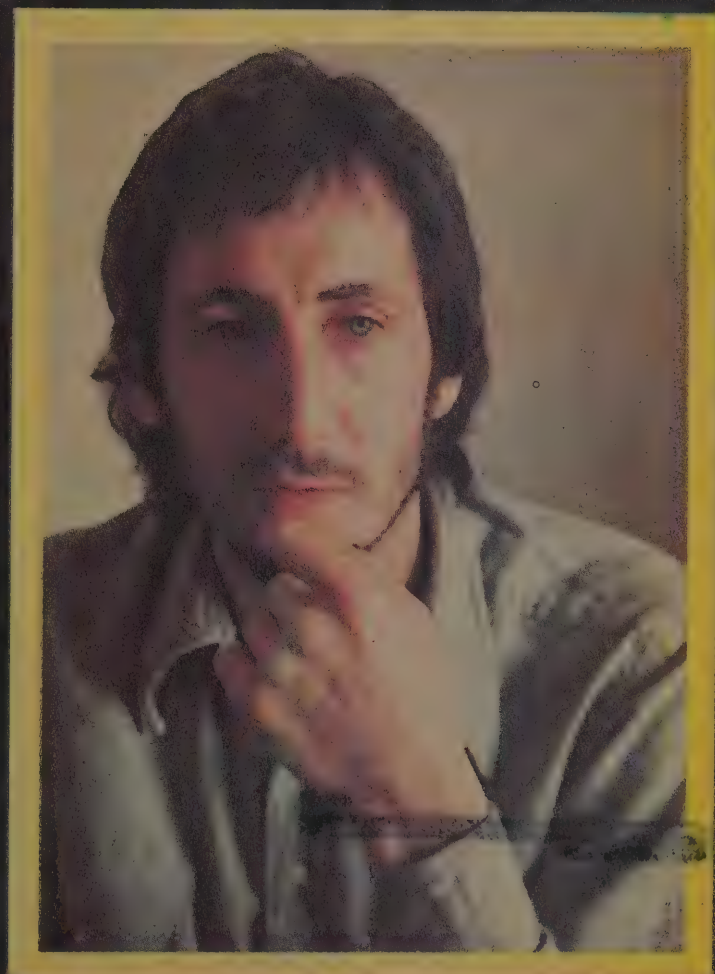
"Yeah, I think that's true."

"Well," said I then, having drawn him

into the trap. "You consider yourself a
rock musician. So that means even with
all your religion and following the
precepts of Mother Earth you're still frus-
trated."

Pete shifted on his legs and laughed.

more ➔



"Well, everybody's frustrated in a spiritual sense, so yeah ... God is frustrated." He laughed again.

The pot of coffee on the marble table in Pete's hotel suite was cooling, but the conversation was warming up. Rock and roll's foremost intellectual was digging into a subject he knew plenty about — spiritual and physical life, and how they affected music.

I told him that one of the things I couldn't understand about his involvement with Eastern religion, as well as that of other rockers, was how could the submissive ego required by the religion be reconciled with the ego-flexing of rock writing and playing?

"Well, it's very difficult for me, for example. You bring up Meher Baba and express surprise at the amount that hasn't changed in me. What makes following Baba different to following anybody else is that you don't change at all. You don't look upon ego, in the true mystical sense, as being an enemy. You look at it in proportion, and you realize there is the thing which is driving you, and it's eventually going to destroy itself.

"But you need ego right up to the end. Baba put it in an incredible way once. He said that when somebody finally is on the brink of a decision between surrender to the infinite and holding onto illusion, holding onto life, it's the ego that is necessary to make that last jump. You still need the ego to say, 'I am God,' or 'I surrender,' or 'That's it, I've had enough.'

"And the other thing he said is that life gets sweeter and sweeter, so it becomes harder and harder to move on. So in the rock business, as a rock writer, sometimes I feel kind of out of place, like pretending that I can have any kind of spiritual poise at all when I have to adopt a sort of egoistic rock stance to work.

"And this is why 'Quadrophenia' is going to be the last album of this type. I found it very, very hypocritical to write a song like 'Doctor Jimmy.' I'm not different from the way I was when I was young — I feel all the same things — but I was sort of writing about somebody else.

"Like that part where he says, 'What is it, I'll take it. Who is she, I'll rape it.' That's really the way I see Keith Moon in his most bravado sort of states of mind. It's not necessarily the way I feel. It's just something that I can identify with, like sitting and watching a movie."

"That song reminded me of 'We're Not Gonna Take It' on the 'Tommy' album," I said.

Pete misunderstood what I said. He thought I was referring to "Won't Get Fooled Again" and went off into a long explanation. But then it turned out, there was a connection among all three songs.

"That's something I've got behind in a way," he said. "I mean, that was a song, really ('Won't Get Fooled Again')."

It was a time when I was incredibly exposed. The underground was really down on my neck. I suppose I was going through a mild version of what

(continued on page 62)

Mike Putland



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HAVE YOU EVER BEEN MELLOW

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

JOHN FARRAR

There was a time when I was in a hurry
as you are

I was like you

There was a day when I just had to tell
my point of view

I was like you

Now I don't mean to make you frown
No I just want you to slow down.

Have you ever been mellow
Have you never tried to find a comfort
from inside you

Have you never been happy
Just to hear your song
Have you never let someone else be
strong.

Runnin' around as you do
With your head up in the clouds
I was like you
Never had time to lay back
Kick your shoes off, close your eyes
I was like you.

Now you're not hard to understand
You need someone to take your hand.
(Repeat chorus)

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STAR ON A T.V. SHOW

(As recorded by The Stylistics)

HUGO & LUIGI
GEORGE DAVID WEISS

You ought to be the star on a T.V. show
Then all the world would know why I
love you so

You ought to be a queen on a movie
screen starring in ev'ry scene
Then they'd know what I mean

If you were a car you would be a pink
Jaguar racing along with the sun
If you were a song then the country
would sing along

Baby, you'd be number one
If you were the news, you'd be the
latest

What I'm tryin' to say is baby, you're the
greatest

You ought to be the star on a T.V. show
Then all the world would know the
magic of you

And they would love you too
But not half as much as I do
No, not half as much as I do.

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MOTHER'S SON

(As recorded by Curtis Mayfield)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Ah uh uh um um um
Raining and the weather's foul
Think I better rest a while
Mother, mother's son

Think I'll make a great big kiss
Plant it on little siss
Mother, mother's son
Get down and get funky

Watch out for them junkies mother
Mother's son, mother!

In the street with the people you meet
Getting tired wanting something to eat
Mother, mother's son

Know you want to be a superstar
But try to be the child you are
Mother, mother's son
Can't let 'em fool you
Or we'll have to school you
Mother, mother's son.

Can't get no work done
When they've got you in front of the gun
Just taking not giving
Makes life not worth living
Can't let 'em fool you
Or we'll have to school you
Know you want to be a superstar
But try to be the child you are.

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CHANGES

(As recorded by Loggins and Messina)

JIM MESSINA

You are a young man and you're eager
to seek
A way to let the world know what you
think
The lesson learned it is not taught in a
school
You have to start out first by being a
fool.

But I see changes
They happen ev'ry day
And I see change coming your way.

You give your life away for what in
return
A chance to see your name in lights
while you learn
Your manager is home and working a
way
To keep you on the road and moving
day to day.

Change is all we need
Change is gonna help us succeed
Change happens ev'ry day.

You work yourself to death so you can
have a home
You put your money aside to call it all
your own
You fin'ly save enough and you think
you're gonna advance
Turn around there's Uncle Sam he's got
his hand down in your pants.

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MOVIN' ON

(As recorded by Bad Company)

MICK RALPHS

I get up in the morning and it's just
another day
Pack up my belongings, I got to get
away
Jump into a taxi and the time is getting
tight
I got to keep a-moving
I got a show tonight
And I'm movin' on, movin' on from
town to town
Movin' on, baby, never see the dirt on
the ground
I check into the ticket desk, a half an
hour to go
Heading for the boarding gate, I'm feel-
ing kind of low
Fifteen minutes later I'm sitting on my
plane
Fastening my safety belt I'm taking off
again
And I'm movin' on, movin' on from
town to town.

Movin' on baby, heh, I'm never touch-
ing the ground
Woh, woh, woh, woh, woh, woh, woh,
woh
Movin' on, movin' on from town to town
Movin' on, I can't seem to stop now.

Movin' on, movin' on from town to town
Movin' on, movin' on from town to town
Movin' on, baby, heh
I never seem to slow down.

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SALLY G.

(As recorded by Paul McCartney)

PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY

Some where to the south of New York
City
Lies the friendly state of Tennessee
Down in Nashville town I met a pretty
Who made a pretty big fool out of me
And they call her Sal-ly, Sal-ly G.

I run my eyes across her as she sang
I used to love to hear her sweet guitar
And they call her Sal-ly, Sal-ly G.

Now I'm on my own
Why d'you wanna do the things you do
to me
You're my Sal-ly, Sal-ly G.

Took the part that was the heart of me
Sally G.

Me and Sally took up
Things began to look up
Me and her were goin' strong
Then she started lyin'
I could see our love was dyin'
I heard a voice say move along - move
along.

Night life took me down to Printers
Alley

Where Sally sang a song behind a bar
Again I wonder if she ever really
understood

I never thought to ask her what the
letter G. stood for
But I know for sure it wasn't good.

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SHAME, SHAME, SHAME

(As recorded by Shirley And Company)

SYLVIA ROBINSON

Can't stop me now, hear what I say
My feet wanna move so get out my way
I'm gonna have my say, I'm gon' to
every discotheque
I'm gonna dance, dance, dance 'til the
break of day - I say
Shame, shame, shame - ah - shame on
you if you can't dance too
I say shame, shame, shame, shame,
shame, shame, shame, shame on you
If you can't dance too.

(Boy)

Don't stop the motion if you get the
notion
You can't stop the groove 'cause you just
won't move
Got my sun roof down - got my diamond
in the back
Put on your shaky wig woman if you
don't I ain't comin' back
I say shame, shame, shame - ah - shame
on you if you can't dance too.

(Girl)

If you don't wanna go remember one
monkey don't stop no show
My body needs action (and I) ain't
gonna blow
Yes I'm going out and find a dancin'
man, if you really think you're fast try to
catch me if you can
I say shame, shame, shame, shame on
you if you can't dance too.

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I'VE BEEN THIS WAY BEFORE

(As recorded by Neil Diamond)

NEIL DIAMOND

I've seen the light and I've seen the
flame
And I've been this way before
And I'm sure to be this way again
For I've been refused and I've been
regained
And I've seen your eyes before
And I'm sure to see your eyes again,
once again
For I've been released and I've been
regained
And I've sung my song before and I'm
sure to sing my song again, once again.

Some people got to laugh
Some people got to cry
Some people got to make it through
By never wond'ring why
Some people got to sing
Some people got to sigh
Some people never see the light until
the day they die.

But I've been released and I've been
regained
And I've been this way before
And I'm sure to be this way again, once
again
One more time again, just one more
time.

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MY BOY

(As recorded by Elvis Presley)

BILL MARTIN
PHIL COULTER
CLAUDE FRANCOIS

JEAN-PIERRE BOURTAYRE

You're sleeping son, I know, but really
this can't wait
I wanted to explain, before it gets too
late
For your mother and me, love has finally
died
This is no happy home, but God knows
how I've tried.

Because you're all I have, my boy
You are my life, my pride, my joy
And if I stay, I stay because of you my
boy.

I know it's hard to understand why did
we ever start

We're more like strangers now, each ac-
ting out a part

I have laughed, I have cried, I have lost
ev'ry game

Taken all I can take, but I'll stay just the
same.

Because you're all I have, my boy
You are my life, my pride, my joy
And if I stay, I stay because of you my
boy.

Sleep on, you haven't heard a word,
perhaps it's just as well
Why spoil your little dreams, why put
you through the hell
Life is no fairy tale as one day you will
know

But now you're just a child
I'll stay here and watch you grow.

Because you're all I have, my boy
You are my life, my pride, my joy
And if I stay, I stay because of you my
boy.

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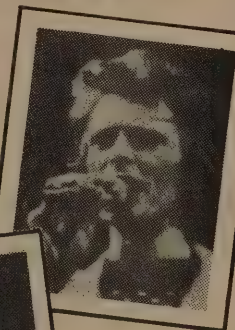


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IF LOVING YOU IS WRONG I DON'T WANT TO BE RIGHT

(As recorded by Millie Jackson)

HOMER BANKS
RAYMOND JACKSON
CARL HAMPTON

If loving you is wrong
I don't want to be right.
If being right means being without you
I'd rather live a wrongful life
Your mama and daddy say it's a shame
It's a downright disgrace
But long as I got you by my side
I don't care what your people say
Your friends tell you there's no future in
loving a married woman
If I can't see you when I want to

I'll see you when I can.

If loving you is wrong
I don't want to be right
If loving you is wrong
I don't want to be right.

Am I wrong to fall so deeply in love with
you
Knowing I've got a husband and two
little children
Depending on me too
But am I wrong to hunger
For the gentleness of your touch
Knowing I've got someone else at home
Who needs me just as much
And are you wrong to give your love to a
married woman
And am I wrong for trying to hold on to
the best thing I ever had.

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Music and Klondike Music Corp.

SHOESHINE BOY

(As recorded by Eddie Kendricks)

LINDA ALLEN
HARRY BOOKER

Shoeshine boy
How you do your work so well
Shoeshine boy
Try'n to make a livin'
You'll go somewhere
Shoeshine boy
Where're you gonna be ten years from
now
Just oh oh just keep working
Shoeshine boy
I wanna know are you gonna be the
richest man around.

You been working so hard
So many things in life to learn
Shoeshine boy
What will you discover.

Though it's a long way up you'll reach
the top
Now when you finally get there
Don't forget from where you came
Shoeshine boy
Working so hard in the noon day sun
Just, just keep working shoeshine boy
Look at you now get it together
Teasing the girls and having lots of fun
Shoeshine boy
Yeah don't you know that you're a star
Shoeshine boy
Just the way that you are.

Shoeshine boy, shoeshine boy
You been working so hard
Shoeshine boy don't you know you're a
star
Just the way that you are.

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Music Corp.

GIVIN' IT ALL UP

(As recorded by J. Geils Band)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

I had lots of kissing, honey, but not like
yours
I had sweet loving but not like yours
I'm tired of this running all over town
I've fin'ly found good love to keep
around.

I'm giving it all up for you, baby
I'm giving it all up for you
No matter what you say, no matter
what you do
I'm giving it all up for you.

I've done lots of crazy things before
But I don't want no crazy love no more
'Cause the people that I met I seem to
forget

As long as I got you honey
As long as I got you.

So I'm giving it all up for you, baby
I'm giving it all up for you
No matter what you say, no matter
what you do
I'm giving it all up for you.

Ain't no guarantee on the love you give
to me

And I know that, yes I know that
The promises you made can easily fade
and I know that, yes I know that
My friends say I'm crazy, I should leave
you behind

'Cause there's better loving down on
the line.

(Repeat chorus)

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MY ELUSIVE DREAMS

(As recorded by Charlie Rich)

C. PUTMAN
B. SHERRILL

You followed me to Texas
Followed me to Utah
We didn't find it there
So we moved on
You went with me to Alabam'
Things looked good in Birmingham
We didn't find it there
So we moved on.

I know you're tired of following my
elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams.

You had my child in Memphis
Then I heard of work in Nashville
But we didn't find it there
So we moved on
To a small farm in Nebraska
To a gold mine in Alaska
We didn't find it there
So we moved on
Now we've left Alaska
Because there was no gold mine
But this time only two of us moved on
And now we have each other
And a little memory to cling to;
Still you won't let me go, go on alone.
I know you're tired of following my
elusive dreams and schemes
For they're only fleeting things
My elusive dreams
They're only fleeting things my elusive
dreams.

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NO NO SONG

(As recorded by Ringo Starr)

HOYT AXTON
DAVID P. JACKSON

A lady that I know just came from
Columbia
She smiled because I did not understand
Then she held out some marijuana ha
ha
She said it was the best in all the land
And I said no no no no
I don't smoke it no more
I'm tired of wakin' up on the floor
No thank you please it only makes me
sneeze
Then it makes it hard to find the door.
A woman that I know just came from
Majorca, Spain
She smiled because I did not understand
Then she held out a ten pound bag of
cocaine
She said it was the best in all the land
And I said no no no no
I don't sniff it no more
I'm tired of wakin' up on the floor
No thank you please it only makes me
sneeze
Then it makes it hard to find the door.
A man I know just came from Nashville,
Tennessee-o
He smiled because I did not understand
Then he held out some moonshine
whiskey oh ho
He said it was the best in all the land
And I said no no no no
I don't drink it no more
I'm tired of wakin' up on the floor
No thank you please it only makes me
sleep easy
Then it makes it hard to find the door.

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REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU TO FORGET

(As recorded by Tavares)

DENNIS LAMBERT
BRIAN POTTER

Hello baby
I betcha never thought I would call
Well, my heart just went in with this
dime
And I only get three minutes' time
Hear me out now
I wanna make it as clear as I can
There's so much that I want to explain
And the final decision remains in your
hand.
Please remember what I told you to
forget
Oh there's a man on the phone and he
wants to come home to the woman he
loved all along
Baby remember what I told you to
forget
No I won't waste any time when I hang
up the line
I'll be back in your arms where I know I
belong
One more minute baby let me pour my
heart out to you
'Cause I've kept it all locked up inside
You just can't tell your own foolish pride
what to do
So remember what I told you to forget
No I won't waste any time
When I hang up the line I'll be back in
your arms where I know I belong
If it isn't already too late
Let me give you a reason to wait
For the life that I'm beggin' to live
Will depend on the answer you give.

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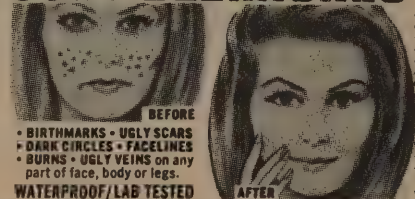
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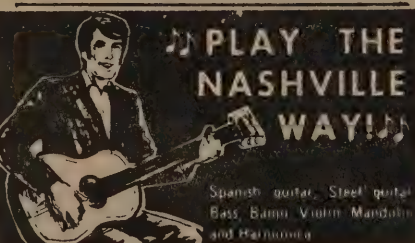
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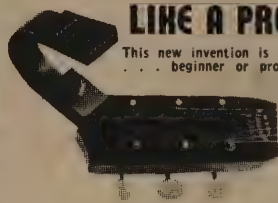
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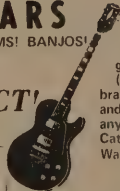
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SAD SWEET DREAMER

(As recorded by Sweet Sensations)

DEO PARTON

Sad sweet dreamer

It's just one of those things you put down to experience

Been another blue day without you girl

Been another sad summer song

Been thinking about you girl all night long

Been another sad tear on my pillow

Been another memory to tell me you're the one girl

Been thinking about you girl all night long.

Sad sweet dreamer

It's just one of those things you put down to experience.

Been another long night and I missed you girl

Been another story from those endless magazines

Can't help thinking about you girl all night long.

Sad sweet dreamer it's just one of those things you put down to experience.

Was so happy when I found you
How was I to know that you would set me walking down that road

Been another hurt love story

Been another man that thought that he was oh so strong

I'm still thinking about you girl all night long

All night long.

Sad sweet dreamer

It's just one of those things you put down to experience

Sad sweet dreamer

It's just one of those things you put down to experience.

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AIN'T THAT PECULIAR

(As recorded by Diamond Rio)

WILLIAM ROBINSON
WARREN MOORE
MARV TARPLIN
ROBERT ROGERS

Money you do me wrong but still I'm
crazy 'bout you
Stay away too long and I can't do
without you
Every chance you get you seem to hurt
me more and more
But each hurt just makes my love
stronger than before
I know flowers grow to rain
But how can love grow to pain.

Now ain't that peculiar
Peculiarity
Ain't that peculiar
Peculiar as can be.

Oh you tell me lies that you'll be honest
to me
But I'm so much in love
Til I don't want to see
But the things you do and say
Are designed to make me blue
It's a doggone shame my love for you
makes all your lies seem true
If the truth makes love last longer
Why do lies make my love stronger.

Ain't that peculiar baby
Peculiar as can be
Ain't that peculiar
Peculiarity hey hey.

Say I don't understand it baby
It's so strange sometimes
Ain't it peculiar darlin'
Oh baby
Talk about the things
Ain't it funny
Talk about your love baby.

I've cried so much just like a child that's
lost his toy
Maybe baby you think these tears I cry
are tears of joy
A child can cry so much until you do
everything he say
Well I'm like a child my tears don't help
me
To get my way I know
Love can last for years but how can love
last through tears.
(Repeat chorus)

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EMOTION

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

PATTI DAHLSTROM
VERONIQUE SANSON

Lonely women are the desperate kind
And I am hanging at the end of my line
Losing hope when the call doesn't come
Is a feeling I choose over feeling none
Oh oh oh oh
Then you stumble in and I am tumblin'
back where it begins.

'Cause you can spread my wings and
send a thousand dreams to flood a
million streams with emotion
And you can fill my nights oh
And blow out all my lights until I see
nothing right by emotion
My emotion.

I'm running out on ways of making you
care
As hard as I try you know it just isn't fair
For all I give I'm only getting old
And when I think I'm finally back in
control
Oh oh oh oh
Then you stumble in and I am tumblin'
back where it begins.
(Repeat chorus)

The room is filled with only emptiness
And I am sitting filled with even less
Nothing doing when there's nothing to
do
And when I've decided we are finally
through
Then you stumble in and I am tumblin'
back where it begins.
(Repeat chorus)

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I FOUGHT THE LAW

(As recorded by Sam Neely)

SONNY CURTIS

A - breakin' rocks in the hot sun
I fought the law and the law won
I fought the law and the law won
I miss my baby and the good fun
I fought the law and the law won
I fought the law and the law won.

I left my baby and I feel so bad
I guess my race is run

DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU

(As recorded by Sugarloaf)

JERRY CORBETTA
JOHN CARTER

Long distance direct'ry assistance area
code 212
Say hey A&R this is mister rhythm and
blues
He said hello and put me on hold
To say the least the cat was cold
He said don't call us child we'll call you.

I said you got my number
He said yeah I got it when you walked
in the door
Don't call us, we'll call you
Don't call us, we'll call you.

I got your name from a friend of a friend
who said he used to work with you
Remember the all night creature from
stereo ninety two
Yeah I said could you relate to our
quarter track tape
You know the band performs in the
nude
He said uh huh don't call us child we'll
call you.

Listen kid you paid for the call
You ain't bad but we've heard it all
before
Yeah it sounds like John, Paul and
George
Any way we cut a hit and we toured a
bit with a song he said he couldn't use.

And now he calls and begs and crawls
It's telephone deja vu
We got percentage points and lousy
joints and all the glitter we can use
Mama so uh huh don't call us, now we'll
call you.

Listen kid you paid for the call
You ain't bad but I've heard it all before
Don't call us, we'll call you.

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She's the best girl I've ever had
I fought the law and the law won
I fought the law and the law won.

A-robbin' people with a zip gun
I fought the law and the law won
I fought the law and the law won
I needed money 'cause I had none
I fought the law and the law won
I fought the law and the law won.
(Repeat chorus)

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#9 DREAM

(As recorded by John Lennon)

JOHN LENNON

So long ago, was it in a dream, was it
just a dream?
I know, yes I know
It seemed so very real, it seemed so real
to me
Took a walk down the street thru the
heat whispered trees
I thought I could hear, hear, hear, hear
somebody call out my name
As it started to rain
Two spirits dancing so strange.

Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se
Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se.

Dream, dream a way, magic in the air
Was magic in the air
I believe, yes I believe, more I cannot
say

What more can I say?
On a river of sound thru the mirror go
round and round
I thought I could feel, feel, feel, feel
music touching my soul
Something warm sudden cold
The spirit dance was unfolding.

Ah bow-a ka-wa pous-se, pous-se.

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I'LL STILL LOVE YOU

(As recorded by Jim Weatherly)

JIM WEATHERLY

Run through life's meadows, through
it's green fields
Have yourself a hundred thrills
But when you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

Go sing the song you've longed to sing
But while you're gone remember one
thing
When you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

I was once somewhere along there
myself
So I know how it feels
To watch someone else doing the things
you want to do.

Run through the rain, run through the
sunshine
But once again just bear in mind
When you're ready to come home
I'll still love you.

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UP IN A PUFF OF SMOKE

(As recorded by Polly Brown)

GERRY SHURY
PHILIP SWERN

Going up, going up, going up up up
Going up, going up, going up up up go-
ing up
Going up, going up up up
Going up going up oh.

Like a bubble heads for trouble when
it's blowing in the wrong direction
I was heading into danger too much in
love to see

I put my trust in him believed in ev'ryth-
ing

But he just had me on a string
And then he let me float away
And I was going up up up in a puff of
smoke and it ain't no joke the way he
broke my heart

Going up up up in a puff of smoke and
I'm all choked up inside
To see my dreams just turn into ashes
and all my hopes go up in a puff of
smoke.

All his fire took me higher than a rocket
on its way to heaven
Couldn't see those dangers coming 'cos I
was flying high
It hurt me deep inside and broke my
foolish pride
To find that my sweet talking guy was
only talking lies.

He took me higher than a kite then he
dropped me like a light going up up up
up up up up
Thought I had a chance but he led me
such a dance going up up up up up up
up

Oh ho ho yeh hu hu hu going up up up
up up up up up
Up up up up up up up up up up up up
up in a puff of smoke
Ooh hu hu hu.

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BRITISH INVASION

(continued from page 23)

Now I would like to talk a bit about the early Kinks. They caused sensations wherever they appeared dressed in their Mod Edwardian outfits, complete with ruffled shirts. And in 1964 and 65, a man in a ruffled shirt was really something to see!!! Pete Quaif was one of the original guitarists for the early Kinks but split from the band and was replaced by John Dalton (bass). The early Kinks played very earthy Rhythm and Blues based Rock. Everything from Chuck Berry to old black blues numbers all chunked up Kinks style. They were all art students who sang in dingy little clubs in the Muswell Hill section of London. They really formed a group to help make extra money to help get them through art school but began to catch on in a really big way. They soon attracted the attention they needed to get bookings in better clubs and soon became so successful that England's record makers picked up on them.

Their first number one hit was "You Really Got Me", an instant Rock classic, followed by "All Day And All Of The Night," which also reached the number one position. Both of these records were top tenners here in the States, and The Kinks were soon appearing on Shindig and Hullabaloo complete with Go Go dancers! Their first lp which appeared on

Reprise is as I said before very Rhythm and Blues based Rock. As I remember, most though it very strange that a long haired Rock group from England were on Frank Sinatra's label!!! Reprise later picked up on some other Rock groups such as Dino, Desi and Billy, who scored big with their hit called, "I'm A Fool". I think the best tracks of their first lp are "Just Can't Go To Sleep", "Stop Your Sobbing", "Beautiful Delilah", (Outstanding vocals by Ray on this one) and "Cadillac". Their other early lps are "Kinks Kingdom", "Kinka Kinks", "The Kink Kontroversy", and "Kinks Size". There are two sixty minute lps out of all their best songs that's a must for any Kinks fan! They are called "Golden Hour of The Kinks", and feature all the Kink classics, such as "Victoria", "A Well Respected Man", "You Really Got Me", "All Day And All Of The Night", "Tired Of Waiting On You", "See My Friends", "Sunny Afternoon", "Wonder Boy", and "Dead End Street".

After witnessing The Kinks perform at the Felt Forum their theatrical production of "Preservation", last week, I am more sure than ever that The Kinks will stay on the top where they belong. But what about some of the other Early English Rock singers such as say for instance The Honeycombs who had a number one both in England and in the States with "Have I The Right?" Some are trying to make come backs and some of the groups split up to join other bands

and have gone on to become quite successful.

As in the case of Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck who all played in The Yardbirds. They were also another group that were very big in England but only gained a cult following here. They did have a couple of State side hits that included "Over, Under, Sideways, Down", "For Your Love" and "Evil Hearted You". Some of the members of The Zombies are now in Argent. The Small Faces became the very successful Faces, spawning such talents as Rod Stewart and Steve Marriott of Humble Pie. The Move gave us Roy Wood. Them gave us Van Morrison on his own. The Pretty Things went through drastic changes and are still around just about to make their big "Comeback". The FANTASIA DAVE CLARK FIVE are now defuncted. Dave is into producing now, but I have heard that some of the other members aren't doing as well. The Nashville Teens with their ever so American name had a gigantic hit "Tobacco Road," which is one of the all time Rock and Roll, classics.

After that, they had a couple of minor hits such as "Goggle Eye", but soon faded away into oblivion. I guess in the long run, it's the fans, the ones who buy the records and come to the concerts, that have the last say. They can either make or break a group, and with today's jaded Rock audiences, you know that when you walk out on that stage honey, you better have it together. □

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GIRLS (I Love Them)

(As recorded by Moments and Whatnauts)

H. RAY
A. GOODMAN
W. MORRIS
V. DODSON

Girls, I love the things they know
Love the things they show
Have to be where they go
Pretty girls, with sunshine in their hair
The perfume that they wear, girls are everywhere
Girls, I like 'em tall some skinny some small
I got to get to know them all

Girls, I love the things they know, love the things they show
Have to be where they go
Pretty girls, with sunshine in their hair
The perfume that they wear
Girls are everywhere

Like to be on an island with five or six of them fine ones
Even one that ain't good looking, they're the ones that do the best cooking
Give me one with a lot of money, give me two with a lot of honey
Give me three that do them freaky things
Give me four fat mamas that like to swing.

Girls, I love the things they know, love the things they show
Have to be where they go, girls with the sunshine in their hair
The perfume that they wear, girls are everywhere
(Spoken)

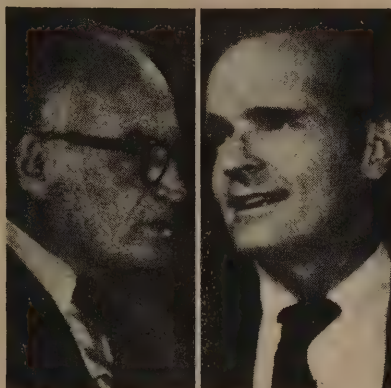
Girls - superfine - mighty fine, sugar and spice everything nice.

Like to be a magician, then I could stop wishin'
I'd take my magic wand and puff I'd have big fun
If the guys could see me they'd say I was Houdini
Before they could count from one to three I'd have ten girls standing next to me

Girls, I love the things they know, love the things they show
Have to be where they go
Sweet girls with sunshine in their hair, the perfume that they wear
Girls are everywhere.

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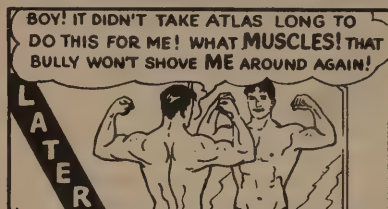
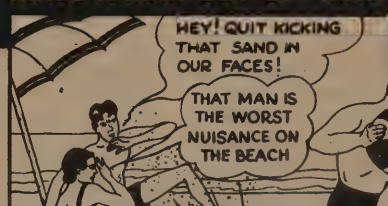


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LADY MARMALADE

(As recorded by LaBelle)

BOB CREWE
KENNY NOLAN

Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, go sister
Hey sister, go sister, go sister, go sister
He met Marmalade down in ol' New Orleans

Struttin' her stuff on the street
She said hello

Hey Joe you wanna give it a go hm
Get chor, get chor, ya, ya da, da
Get chor, get chor, ya, ya here
Mocha chocolata ya ya
Creole Lady Marmalade

You lez vous cou cher a vec mois, ce soir
You lez vous cou cher a vec mois
He sat in her boudoir while she
freshened up

The boy drank all that magnolia wine
upon her black satin sheets
I swear he started to freak.

Hey hey hey
Touch of her skin feelin' silky smooth

Color of cafe au lait
Made the savage beast roar until it cried
more, more, more
Now he's back home doin' nine to five
Living his gray flannel life
But when he turns off to sleep old
mem'ries creep
More, more, more.

Get chor, get chor, ya, ya, da, da
Get chor, get chor, ya ya here
Mocha chocolata ya, ya
Creole Lady Marmalade.

You lez vous cou cher a vec mois, ce soir
You lez vous cou cher a vec mois
You lez vous cou cher a vec mois, ce soir
Creole Lady Marmalade
You lez vous cou cher a vec mois, ce soir
You lez vous cou cher a vec mois
Get chor, get chor, ya, ya da, da
Get chor, get chor, ya, ya here
Mocha chocolata ya, ya
Get chor, get chor, ya, ya here.

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YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL

(As recorded by Joe Cocker)

BILLY PRESTON
BRUCE FISHER

You are so beautiful to me
You are so beautiful to me can't you see
You're ev'rything that I hope for
And what's more you're ev'rything I
need.

You are so beautiful baby to me
Such joy and happiness you bring
I wanna thank you babe
Such joy and happiness you bring
Just like a dream
You're like a guiding light shinin' in the
night
You're heaven still to me
Hey babe you are so beautiful.

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RHYME TYME PEOPLE

(As recorded by Kool & The Gang)

DENNIS THOMAS
PENNI SAUNDERS
KOOL & THE GANG

Strange places you've never been
before

No smiling faces to help along the way
Your mind seems to be an open door
What's it for?

Try to find a way to straighten up your
mind

Your lovely mother can always dig the
charge
Over how your whole life style has been
so rearranged.

'Round and 'round the changes you go
through

Which way you wanna go whoa
What you wanna know ah.

Strange traces of poppy in the air
Them rhyme tyme people you'll always
find them there

Your mind is all about a doubt
And you just can't work it out ah
You can't work it out
Just can't work it out wow.

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SMOKIN' ROOM

(As recorded by Carl Carlton)

DENNIS BELFIELD

Here we are alone in this old smokin'
room again

If your highness is your pleasure it's all
right

'Cause there's an extra added goodness
in my heart for you tonight

If there's any such a thing as God
He must be here tonight

Ain't sayin' I'm right, ain't sayin' I'm
wrong

Ain't sayin' there's any such a thing as
short or long

It seems we've been here many times
before

It's too beautiful but true
And I'm glad I got the chance tonight

To share my now with you.

I used to be locked in a closet and I
couldn't find the key

Used to be, you'd look my way but not
see me

But it's happiness to know that from
yourself you cannot hide

And that here is where I am and it's you
that's by my side.

So glad I got cha to spend some time
Spend some time glad I got cha baby
So glad I got cha to share my life, share
my life

Glad I got cha baby.

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READY

(As recorded by Cat Stevens)

CAT STEVENS

I love, I love, I'm ready to love yes
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah
I love, I love, I'm ready to, ready to,
ready to love
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah.

You keep me awake with your white
lily smile

Don't keep me watching your charms all
the while

'Cos as all the wisemen say
Grab it if it comes your way

I'm ready oh I love, I love I'm ready to
love yeah

Ready to love
I love, I love I'm ready to love yeah.

You make me feel things I've never felt
before

Help my baby eyes and open up the
door

You make me real to ev'ryone and ev'ry
day I, I thank the Lord that you came
along this way

It's no more an illusion that I can say
I love, I love, I'm ready to love yeah

I love, I love, I'm ready to love yes.

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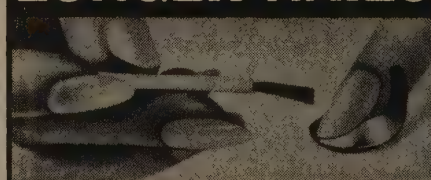
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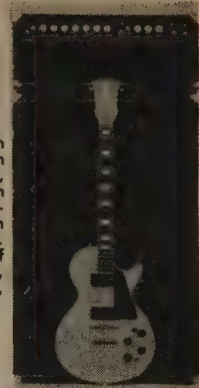
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LADY

(As recorded by Styx)

DENNIS DeYOUNG

Lady when I'm with you I'm smiling
Give me all your love
Your hands build me up when I'm singing
Touch me and my troubles all fade.

Lady from the moment I saw you standing all alone
You gave all the love that I needed

So shy like a child who had grown
You're my.

Lady of the morning
Love shines in your eyes
Sparkling, clear and lovely
You're my lady.

Lady turn me on when I'm lonely
Show me all your charms
Evenings when you lay down beside me
Take me gently into your arms
You're my.
(Repeat chorus)

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I GET LIFTED

(As recorded by George McCrae)

H. W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Sittin' here together
Baby we're all alone
Now I can tell ya girl
You turn me on.

I get lifted up high high
I get lifted up high high high high
Bring out the lovin', lovin' and desire
baby
You got the match oh that lights the fire.

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NIGHTINGALE

(As recorded by Carole King)

DAVID PALMER
CAROLE KING

Like some night bird homeward wingin'
He seeks the sheltered nest
Like the sailor's lost horizon, he needs
some place to rest
The songs that he's been singin' no
longer make much sense
And those stranger's cold perceptions,
they've killed his confidence
Nightingale, she sails away upon a sea
of song
Nightingale, she serenades his lonely,
lonely life along
When his tired voice is broken, his
golden hope is gone
She makes a lost soul's simple longing
somehow not so wrong
Nightingale, nightingale.

He was strong, but he was taken
By the thought of his success; those
spotlights shadows
How they lured him and took him like
all the rest

But that old dream don't look good now
No it don't seem quite the same
He needs to hear a tender word, won't
you sing him home again
Nightingale, she sails away upon a sea
of song

Nightingale, she serenades his lonely,
lonely life along
When his strength is slowly goin', his
pride is all but gone
She makes a foolish dreamer listen to
one last song
Nightingale ooh sing sweet nightingale
Oh, na na na
Nightingale ooh sing sweet nightingale.

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BLACK WATER

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

PATRICK SIMMONS

Well I built me a raft and she's ready for floatin'
Ol' Mississippi she's callin' my name
Catfish are jumpin' that paddle wheel thumpin'
Black water keeps rollin' on past just the same.

Old black water keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon won't you keep on shinin' on me

Old black water keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon won't you keep on shinin' on me

Yeah keep on shinin' your light
Gonna make everything pretty mama
gonna make everything all right
And I ain't got no worries
'Cause I ain't in no hurry at all
Mm hmm.

Well if it rains I don't care
Don't make no difference to me
Just take that street car that's going up-town
I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland and honky tonk
And I'll be buying everybody drinks all around'.

I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland
pretty mama come and take me by the hand (by the hand) (hand)
Take me by the hand pretty mama
Come and dance with your daddy all night long.

I want to honky tonk honky tonk honky tonk
With you all night long.

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LOOK IN MY EYES PRETTY WOMAN

(As recorded by Tony Orlando & Dawn)

DENNIS LAMBERT
BRIAN POTTER

Time is on my side tho' the world keeps gettin' colder
'Cause I've got you, girl to ease my troubled mind
I'm a diff'rent man when your head is on my shoulder
I can find the answers in me that I never tho't I'd find.

'Cause you look in my eyes pretty woman

The world is a peaceful place.
All I can see when there's you and there's me is love upon your face
Stand by me, baby, and we'll find the way before our day is done
Look in my eyes pretty woman and we'll overcome.

You're my guiding star, you're my faith,
my hope, my power when I just can't find a reason to believe
Touch my hand with love and you light my darkest hour
I can feel the warm returning and my pain about to leave.
(Repeat chorus)

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H.P. INTERVIEW

(continued from page 39)

stealing. I actually have never seen David, not even on TV.

HP: Do you like working pretty much within a tight show?

David: Yeah, tight. I quite like a structure, like to know what's coming next, probably from working in theater. There is freedom inside the structure, but there has to be a shape, it just can't be berserk. Especially for a band like mine and the kind of audience that we attract. There are ten of us and the music is fairly intricate. It's not easy for musicians, you have to concentrate, because you'll get four-four bars and then six-eight bars and unless you know what's happening, it could be disastrous.

HP: What kind of things did you learn from your first major tour?

David: (laughs) I learned that you can't really get a decent sound system. Which is a joke, you know. I didn't know that, working in the studio, because it sounds so great in the studio. And you get out on the road, and you pay the best money for what is supposed to be the best, and that maybe is the best, but it's still not good enough. The technical sound thing on stage is really bad, inferior to what it should be. I was also struck by the professionalism of people like roadies, who are really amazingly together. I mean, if your mike goes over, they're right there. And they're really interested; everybody, musicians, stage crew, lighting ... I was very struck by their will and desire for it to be good. From the performance side, I can't say that I learned anything. I think that my days of learning about working on live stage have gone a bit. I mean, I have all the basic instincts down. But I was aware on this tour of the girls. There were a lot of hysterical girls and I was very aware of trying to keep them down so that the people who had to listen could hear. I never tried to manipulate them.

HP: I was going to ask you about that. You seemed to hold them in check...

David: Well, that doesn't particularly appeal to me, and if they would listen,

they might like it too, on a lot of levels. I'm in a funny position in this country, and I don't - I can't cater to anyone, which goes back to my point about doing a show that you want to do. Whatever comes, comes.

HP: How do you feel your image and your music are running along at this point? Do you feel that one is outweighing the other? Is there a conflict?

David: There probably is, yeah. It doesn't bother me, though, and we keep getting back to this, because whatever I'm doing comes from me and I do like it. I'm just doing what I'm doing. In this country, maybe the face is a little more important than the music. To me it's not.

HP: How do you go about putting your music together? I noticed last night, and especially on record, that you're very conscious of working with rhythm. Do you pay more than usual attention to it?

David: Being that I started as a drummer, the most important instruments in the band to me are drums, percussion and bass. And the rest of the instruments we have, we use as colors, so that what you have is this constant rhythmic thing going throughout. It's what you don't play, it's the spaces that are all important, and with the bass drum and percussion up front - it's just our concept for recording, really. We went in and then came out with a kind of style. It's what we liked, that's all, but it was really different. Like "Rock On" took a bit of getting used to. They didn't really expect that from me. But I wasn't going to be pressured into anything, because as I said, I remembered those earlier records.

HP: What kind of guy is Jeff Wayne? How did you first get together?

David: It's a real fluke how we met. His girlfriend was an understudy in *Godspell*, and we formed a band and were doing gigs after the show, in small London clubs and the like. After everybody was done we would go record. He was producing

television things, and by this time we were quite friendly and had spoken about the way we thought production ought to be handled. We seemed to really get on well. When it came time to go in and do a record, I wrote "Rock On". And we got some nice bass and percussion, and got some blacks singing James Dean. The engineer we had, Gary Martin, was fantastic, and he did all these things, crossing over speakers and all that. "Rock On" came out of that. It's weird, because Jeff and I like the same things. I might not see him for four weeks, and I'll go up to him and say Did you hear that record? and he'll know just what I'm talking about. Jeff usually does the arranging and we'll talk about the attitude, and I write the songs.

HP: How did the initial idea for "Rock On" come about?

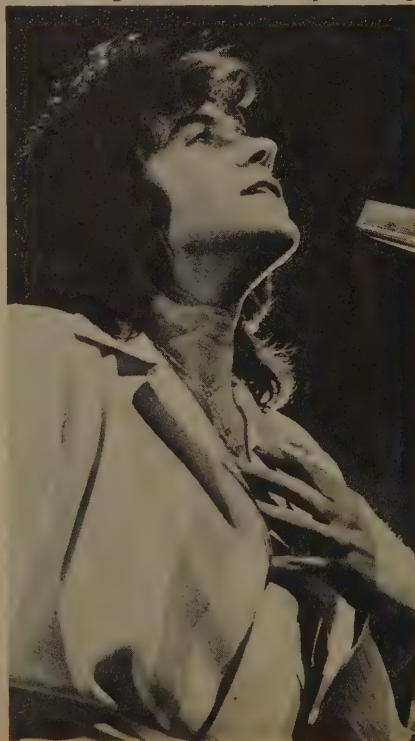
David: I wrote it because I was doing *That'll Be The Day* at the time, which was about the fifties, and I was especially struck ... well, you must understand that in this country we were sort of second-hand living, because everything came to America first. So you had this whole generation doing what they thought Americans were doing, even though Americans probably weren't even doing it themselves. It was almost tragic; you had this whole generation walking around like James Dean. I was doing research into the fifties at the time - because we wanted to be as accurate as we could, and I wanted to write a song with fifties lyrics and get the production thing together from the seventies' point of view. That was it. I wrote it for *That'll Be The Day*. We never used it because the producer thought it was too weird, he wouldn't put it in.

HP: Why James Dean? Did he have the same kind of impact here as he did...

David: Yeah.

HP: Any particular impact on you?

David: No, not really. I was never aware except for Elvis. I was turning my collar up because the older boys were, but I never knew where that came from. And wearing my hair slicked back. But it was only when I was doing my research into the fifties to see the way they felt about



things, that it struck me ... well, James Dean, three films and they think he's this, that or the other. There is this scene in the movie where I'm starting to feel a little bit different and Keith (Moon) is playing in a group and I'm saying Why don't you write your own songs, instead of playing these crummy Cliff Richard things and he says well I can't, you've got to be American. And as tragic as that is, that really does sum up the mentality of the time.

HP: Do you think you'll be coming to America soon?

David: I'd like to, but I don't think there is much point in my coming unless people want me to come.

HP: Do you think that'll be after the films are released?

David: I can't tell.

HP: One of the big things in *Stardust* is that America stands as a sort of beacon. Would you approach a tour in America the same as England, or think about changing things?

David: I don't think it'll change so much, only as much as I want it to. I wouldn't do an American show as opposed to a British show, because I don't work that way. That's it, that's the show, if it communicates to Americans then that's good. By late next fall, which is when we probably will go on tour again, it'll be very different, as I said, it will be more of a theatre thing. That might be when we're in America. It just depends where it comes and how I'm thinking at the time.

HP: How far ahead do you usually plan?

David: As far as necessary. You know when you make a film it's going to be out six months later and you can plan that, you know when it's going to be out. You're in a position to arrange things. Further than that, I don't think you can get too far ahead of yourself, because there are too many outside factors that must be dealt with. The reason I like music is because it's so changeable, where film is so long and time-consuming and boring. Cutting and editing, it's old fashioned before you are finished. Your ideas have changed.

HP: Do you work from any theory of acting?

David: No, you see, because I lack any kind of technical know-how. When I'm in the theatre, I just speak loudly so they can hear me. That's all I do and what I'm left with after is just to react honestly to the scene I'm doing. I am the character, inside the scene. It can't be me, David Essex, up there. It requires a lot of concentration.

HP: I guess there's no necessity at this point of your career, but assuming you had a choice, would you be an actor or musician?

David: A musician. Acting is nice but music is a much more instinctive thing for me.

HP: How do you react personally to being a celebrity, having to disguise yourself to get into theatres, being hustled in and out of limousines?

David: Well, I've got a sense of humor about it and I suppose that it's just one of the things that goes along with the lifestyle. I try not to let it affect me. □

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PETE TOWNSHEND

(continued from page 42)

Dylan went through with the dustbin man. (The reference was to Alan J. Webberman, who stole Bob Dylan's garbage hoping to find out secret information.

"I refused to change my telephone number, and I refused to not open the door. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] So I tried to deal with everything logically and intelligently, tried to handle people.

"And about halfway along, I got fed up with being lectured, and I got fed up with people telling me what rock and roll was all about, and what rock and roll musicians were supposed to do now, and

how rock and roll musicians were supposed to help sort of overthrow the capitalist regime, and how rock and roll was supposed to sort of finance co-ops and communes and do this and that, and how because you were a rock and roll star and everybody looked to you for guidance and inspiration, that your responsibility was a political responsibility and a liberationist responsibility.

"I felt, all of a sudden, 'I quit,' and I thought, well, no, all right, if I do have any kind of responsibility, let's not give it any kind of low level. [REDACTED]

"Let's say that I am responsible for the spiritual well-being of my patients. [REDACTED] And I take great pleasure in saying it now. It's one of the songs I enjoy most on the stage, because I

still feel that way."

Pete finally stopped to take a breath, and I quickly jumped in to ask him if he was really talking about "We're Not Gonna Take It."

"No, I was talking about 'Won't Get Fooled Again,' but 'We're Not Gonna Take It' is really the same song, you know. They were written very much at the same time, and they sort of said the same thing. That song wasn't written especially for 'Tommy.' It was something that happened to be around at the time, which I brought in. It was about something else ... cops ... I made slight word changes in it."

Pete slumped back and relaxed again, and the conversation turned to less intense subjects. Even a rock and roll philosopher needs an occasional break from the spiritual. □



A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- "It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."
- "Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"It's Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Camp-

bell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed. "It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. 'The home arthritis cure,'" says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

• You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas,

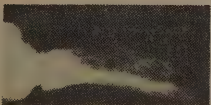
ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

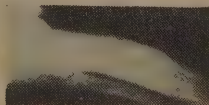
SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

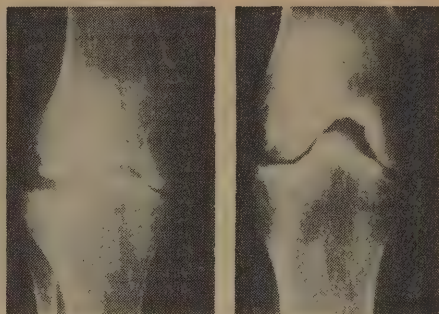
Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York



Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends—in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.



Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method—X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.



Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- "Expect a 'miracle,'" says Dr. Campbell.
- "Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."
- "Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."
- "Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."
- "Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."

pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3—you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

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See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. "There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."

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MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.



LED ZEPPELIN

(continued from page 33)

along with him. "Stairway to Heaven" of course received incredible ovations, as did "Whole Lotta Love" - and by the time it was encore time, the roar was deafening. Jimmy - always sweating and flushed and extremely pleased with himself at the end of what he knew was a good show, grinned widely and bowed to the audience. Robert strutted around stage, Bonzo banged a gong and then set

it on fire, John Paul Jones played "No Quarter" as dry ice filled the stage. One of the special surprises was fire-eater Mike Quashie - who danced onstage and proceeded to do some spectacular fire-eating feats. The three nights at Madison Square Garden were triumphant; there just wasn't any doubt that this was the biggest, perhaps the most high-energy excitement, that New York had seen in awhile.

That final night held some drama for those of us who were backstage. Something seemed wrong ... people in the immediate business entourage were

mumbling. But no one would tell this journalist what had happened, so I relaxed and watched the show. Following the performance, Ahmet Ertegun held a very small, private party at the Carlyle Hotel for the band, where he presented each of the four with gifts (including a marvelous Turkish caftan for Robert, a weird Eastern string instrument for Jimmy who collects such things, as well as equally glamorous and appropriate gifts for Bonzo and Jones) and we all bade each other tearful (to say nothing of slightly drunken) goodbyes. I told Peter Grant and Richard Cole that they had helped to



make my on - the - road experiences with Led Zeppelin perhaps the most efficient, enjoyable and exciting yet - and they charmingly and politely thanked me...

Imagine my surprise when I looked at the front page of the New York Daily News the very next morning and learned that Zeppelin had been the victim of an amazing robbery; \$200,000 had been stolen from the band from their safety deposit boxes of the Hotel Drake. "Why didn't you tell me?!!!", I shrieked to Danny Goldberg on the telephone at the ugly hour of 7 A.M. "We were trying to keep it quiet so that the group could go

on and enjoy the show and the last night," he said about the bizarre and unfortunate incident. What a way for the group to have to end up this incredibly successful tour; Richard Cole was dragged to the police station to take a lie detector test (which he naturally, passed with flying colors), and Peter Grant held a press conference at the hotel that day. Obviously the hotel pleaded complete innocence, but you can be sure that when Led Zeppelin come to New York City this time around, they won't be staying at the Hotel Drake.

And there won't be any cash around

either: but in many other respects, the song (as they say) will remain the same for Led Zeppelin's 1975 U.S. Tour. They will be once again, traveling in the Starship. They'll perform approximately a two and a half hour show with no opening act; doing material from their new lp, "Physical Graffiti" as well as old favorites. They will have utilized the best in sound and lights (see *Hotline*, this issue) and there will probably be some more attendance records broken. And - I'll be there; actually I've been looking forward to it for a year and a half. □ (*Part II follows in next issue of Hit Parader.*)



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